



北瀬野 ゆなき

Yunaki Kitaseno

柚希きひろ
Illustrator

Evil God Average

(邪神アベレージ)

First Half

Book of Evil

Kitaseno Yunaki

(北瀬野ゆなき)

Story Description:

When she stands, she's like a white peony. When she sits, she's like a tree peony. When she walks, she's like a lily flower. And when you look her in the eyes, she's like the Great King of Terror.

Despite having the qualities to be a peerless bishoujo, because of the look of her eyes and that atmosphere of hers, she's feared by others; such a girl is forcefully sent to another world.

Being told that she would be granted a wish as a special favour, the girl made a wish——

“Make my eyes and atmosphere normal please.”

This is a story recounting the lifestyle in a parallel world of a girl who would be perfect (probably) if just her one weakpoint was overcome.

A fantasy comedy with magic, dungeons, and a hero and demon king(candidate) who she gets tangled up with.

She's cursed though.

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 1: A Simple Wish

The part about my appearance that I like the most is my hair.

It's black hair that's common to Japanese people, but I don't slack up on the maintainance, and when I comb through it it's smooth too.

That it wouldn't be an exaggeration to call it the representative example of 'glossy black like the wet feathers of a crow' is something that I'm secretly proud of.

Then conversely, if you were to ask me what part of my appearance I hate the most, then I'd immediately reply that it's my eyes.

I'm often told by the few friends I have that even though I'm a bishoujo in every way, the looks of my eyes completely wastes it.

But in my opinion——

"I quite like your eyes.

Those stagnant... as though having sucked in all the evils of the world, eyes of yours."

it's not bad enough to warrant being told this... Probably.



Even though there wasn't a single light in this pitch black place, I could clearly see this boy with long black hair.

He was a perfect bishounen, or so I'd like to say, but he had eyes as cruel——no, eyes even crueler looking than mine.

Before I knew it, I had found myself in this place, and he who had appeared there one-sidedly declared, "I'm going to have you go to another world".

"...Don't wanna."

"I don't care about your opinion."

Jerk.

Inside, I'm annoyed enough that veins should be bulging, but my

expression doesn't change.

I don't really like my own lack of expressiveness if I do say so myself, but right now I'm thankful for it.

It's obvious that picking a fight head on with somebody obviously abnormal is really too risky.

Being told "I'm going to have you go to another world." in this clearly abnormal place, I wonder if this means that this boy is a god or something like that.

But still, I don't get it.

"Why me?"

"I quite like your eyes.

Those stagnant... as though having sucked in all the evils of the world, eyes of yours."

They're not bad enough to warrant being told this.

And I don't want to hear that from you.

Another vein swelled up on my forehead, but, only inside.

"But to think that you could stay sane even facing me directly. As you'd expect, you have what I expected you did."

Was there a possibility that I'd go insane?

It seems that it was a really casual close call.

"Well, since this is happening because of my own circumstances, I'll favour you a little. Physical ability, the power of magic, and an item box are the default, so I'll grant you one more wish."

Leaving physical ability aside, "magic" and an "item box"?

Just where on earth am I being thrown into?

And moreover, even if you suddenly say "wish"——

"It can be anything, you know? For example, I could make your chest larger."

Are you saying that I'm flat...? I can't really deny it, but that's none of your business.

Honestly speaking there was a part of me that was swayed by that, but I get the feeling that if I nod then I'll have lost in various ways.

And moreover, asking to modify the body that I got from my parents is unfilial.

"Then, could it be you don't wish for anything?"

"Make my eyes and atmosphere "normal" please."

Eh? "Is it okay to do that to the body that you got from your parents?" you ask?

That's that, and this is this.

Having a small chest just doesn't have any benefits and doesn't cause any harm either, but my eyes and atmosphere have caused real harm.

Since I was small, because of these eyes and this atmosphere, people around me have been pointlessly afraid of me.

Even though it's not like I was going to do anything to them, once our eyes met, everybody looked away.

Even when I approached a famous delinquent senpai, he bolted away.

There have even been times when yakuza-ey people with punch perms dogeza'd before me.

""Normal""?

"It's fine even if it's not special, but I'd like you to at least make it "average"."

"Hm~mm, well whatever. I'll grant that wish of yours. Well then, off you go."

Together with that line, from the boy before my eyes came an aura of darkness black enough that it painted over everything.

My body was enveloped by that aura, and I felt my consciousness receding.

Ahh, it's too late now, but if possible I'd like one more thing.

At least give me some clothing.

Chapter 2: An Average Conclusion

Before I knew it, I was in a forest.

The surrounding thick trees and flowering plants grew thickly, and I could tell from the light seeping between the leaves of the trees that it was daytime, but even so the place was dim and dark.

Finding that I was lying face down, I lifted my face and looked around. Confirming that I was alone, I stood up.

I brushed away the dirt and leaves that were stuck to the front of my body.

In the end, that god(provisional) didn't give me clothes.

Would you normally throw out a naked maiden even as a joke?

There are lots of stories about being thrown into another world in manga and novels, but I've never heard of treatment as terrible as this.

I can't even enter a town like this, and I can't carelessly use the highway either.

Or more like, I'm really glad that I'm in the middle of the forest.

For now, even if there's nobody around I'd like to at least find something to cover myself up with, but I clearly have not a single thing on me.

Even when I look around, I can't even find a leaf big enough to cover up with.

While I was at a loss, I suddenly remembered what that god(provisional) said that he would be giving me.

If I remember correctly, besides my wish, he gave me physical abilities, the power of magic, and an item box... item box?

If it has storehouse powers like the things you often see in games, then mightn't there be something inside?

But, I don't know how to use it.

Well, for now...

“Item box.”

When I gave chanting the name a try, I found a half-transparent display screen appear before my eyes.

Short Dagger ×1

Leather Robe ×1

Ooh, it had things inside.

They clearly sound like beginners items, but at this point I don’t really care.

There was the clothing that I so desperately wanted.

I want to take it out no matter what.

I tried touching the corresponding area but it was only visible and untouchable.

It seems that I can’t interact with it like a touch panel.

Deciding to try thinking ‘Robe, come out~’ I found that a dark brown robe suddenly appeared from my shadow.

Huh? This shadow was my item box?

It seems like an incredibly villain-ey gesture, but let’s leave that aside for now and put on the robe.

It feels rough and cheap, and I’m still just as naked inside so it’s all breezy.

But for now I’ve managed to cover myself, so I let out a sigh of relief... In my mind.

Since I could calm down now, I decided to investigate the display before my eyes.

Because I took out the robe, the contents now only listed the short dagger.

As a test, I picked up a stone by my foot, and while thinking about putting it away, I dropped it above my shadow.

The stone was completely swallowed up by the shadow, and the display now had the addition of 『A normal stone×1』.

“...”

Next I thought about closing the item box, and the display suddenly vanished.

With the display closed, when I concentrated on bringing the stone out, the stone appeared from the shadow.

When I thought about putting the stone away again, the stone just sank into the shadow.

Hmm, it seems that even without the display open, as long as I know what's inside, I can bring it out.

Since I don't know what might happen, I decided to bring out the short dagger and hold it in my right hand.

From what's happened so far, it looks like this is a world with a game-like system.

In that case...

“Status.”

Just as I expected, a display different from the one before appeared.

Name: Anri

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 17

Job: Mage

Level: 1

Title: Child of the Evil God

Mana: 3031504

Skills:

- Evil God Aura (Lv.5)
- Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority (Lv.5)
- Divine Enchantment (Lv.7)
- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.6)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.6)
- Item Box (Lv.4)

Equipment:

- Short Dagger
- Fur Robe

There were so many things I wanted to tsukkomi that I didn't know where to start, but first of all there's one thing I'd like to say.

You got it wrong.

My name 安里 is the surname Yasuzato.

It's not the given name Anri.

Wanting to do something about this unilaterally revised name of mine, I tried touching the area on the display, but just like the item box menu from before, I couldn't touch it.

Even when I concentrated and thought 'Change~' nothing happened at all.

After some trial and error, I found that I couldn't do anything about it, and giving up, I turned my gaze to the other entries.

My race and sex, and age are fine, and as for my level I haven't really done anything so being Lv.1 is natural.

I was arbitrarily made into a mage, but I don't think of myself as the physical type, so it's not like I have a problem with this either.

But the value of my mana points or whatever is weird.

No, well, I don't know the average value for this so I can't say for sure, but it looks like the numbers are clearly abnormal.

And moreover, there's something even more worrying.

"Child of the Evil God?"

Why do I have such a sinister title attached?

The only god I know is that god(provisional) that threw me into this world.

Was that guy an evil god?

Well, the guy had even more stagnant looking eyes than me, so no matter how you look at him he doesn't seem to be something holy, so if you told me that I'd believe it.

When I turned my eyes to the title, that area went into a close-up and showed an additional explanation.

<Child of the Evil God>

By the power of the Evil God, a divine child who has been conferred the blessings of darkness.

...*

...*

What the heck does that evil god want to do by giving me such a chuunibyou setting?

...*

...*

Now then, let's leave the escapism at that, since it's about time to turn my eyes to the problematic area.

Under the skills column are "Evil God Aura" and "Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority".

Taking 'mystic eyes' to be a change to my eyes, and 'aura' as 'atmosphere', I could tell that these corresponded to the things I wished for.

But I'm sure that I asked him to make it "normal".

And despite that, for some reason it ended up like this, so I can't accept it.

Turning my eyes to the skills column, I had the additional explanation appear.

<Evil God Aura>

The repulsive aura emitted by the Evil God.

Emitting this aura alone has no physical effects, but those within the area of effect will experience terror.

Lv.5 is the level of an average Evil God, and has enough power to send a dragon running frantically.

Additionally, because humans have a weaker sense than monsters, the effect on humans is lower.

Type: Passive Skill

On/Off: Unavailable

High/Low: Unavailable

However, the effectiveness will fluctuate based on the user's mental condition.

...*

<Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority>

Mystic eyes that confer terror upon those that meet its gaze.

Lv.5 is the level of an average Evil God, and has enough power to have a Demon King dogeza and beg for his life.

Type: Passive Skill

On/Off: Unavailable

High/Low: Unavailable

However, the effectiveness will fluctuate based on the user's mental condition.

..*

Lv.5 is the level of an average Evil God——

an average Evil God——

average——

Wha-, who the heck said to make me normal “with an evil god as the standard”!?

Aren’t I done for?

This is obviously worse than in my old world.

Honestly, I’m afraid to look in a mirror.

Having come to this, considering that I’ll be kept at a distance by the people around me, it doesn’t seem like I’ll be able to live properly from now on.

My hands and knees collapsed to the ground... in my mind.

After being depressed for a while, I pulled myself together, and turned my eyes to the remaining skills.

I swore in my heart that one day I would smack that evil god though.

<Divine Enchantment>

Things touched will be granted the divine protection of the Evil God.

It’s a high level ‘mana bestowal’ skill, and though the mana bestowal is temporary, the divine protection is eternal.

The target can be both organic or inorganic, but in the case of enchanting a living being, the target is required to accept.

Lv.7 is the level of an intermediate god.

Type: Passive Skill

On/Off: Unavailable

High/Low: Available

When used consciously the target can be instantly enchanted, but the unconscious passive use requires contact for an hour.

..*

<Abnormal Status Resistance>

Grants high resistance to poisons, confusion and other such abnormal statuses.

At Lv.6 even a Demon King class attack can be rendered powerless.

...*

<Darkness Magic>

A system of magic that uses the great power of the darkness.

A system exceptional at reducing the power of the opponent and attacking.

The effectiveness will fluctuate based on time of day, and displays its maximum power at night.

Lv.6 is the level of a Great Demon King.

...*

<Item Box>

A storage space with enormous capacity.

Only non-living things can be placed inside.

Additionally, things stored in the item box will not be bestowed divine protection.

Lv. 4 has the storage space of a house.

...*

The item box is fine, but everyone else is as sinister as it gets.

The abnormal status resistance seems decent at a glance... but I can't help but see this line-up of skills as things a boss monster would have.

I can't really imagine 'divine enchantment' from the description, but the divine protection of an evil god is probably nothing decent.

I think I'll have a look at my status again... What the heck is with all

this? It screams 'last boss'...

..*

『Fur Robe has been granted divine protection.』

..*

?

I suddenly heard a voice from somewhere, and in the next instant, my body was engulfed by darkness.

Well, more accurately speaking, not me but the robe I was wearing.

When the darkness cleared away as though being sucked in, what I found there wasn't a dark brown robe but a jet black robe that gave off a feeling of being high class.

Moreover, under my robe there's even a dress... As expected there's no underwear though.

If I guess based on the voice from earlier, could this be the effect of the divine protection skill?

According to the skill explanation, when it's used unconsciously I need to be in contact with something for an hour.

I don't have a watch so I can't accurately tell the time, but it seems like it's been that long since I took the leather robe out of the item box.

At any rate, I'm thankful.

Thanks to that, I've gone from an exhibitionist naked-robe style to a more decent outfit.

I'm sorry for thinking that there was nothing dece——

..*

『Short Dagger has been granted divine protection.』

..*

Just like the time with the robe, darkness gathered around the dagger in my right hand.

When the darkness cleared, there in my hand was a sinister jet black tantou.

Equipment:

- Tantou of the Wicked Demon [New]

- Black Clothes of the Evil God [New]

<Tantou of the Wicked Demon> [New]

A tantou that possesses such terrifying cutting ability that it can tear through even steel armour like paper.

Additional effects of poison, paralysis, confusion, sleep, muteness, instant death.

Is a cursed equipment that can not be removed.

<Black Clothes of the Evil God> [New]

The robe granted to a high level priest of the Evil God.

Immune to four elements, absorbs dark element, and on top of having resistance against the light element, the physical defence is also high.

However, while equipped, user takes damage from healing magic.

Is a cursed equipment that can not be removed.

... *

It really was nothing decent.

Chapter 3: A Common Development

A suspicious girl clad from head to toe in pitch black walked wordlessly through the forest... It's me though.

I experienced various shocks, but thinking about it won't get me anywhere, so I decided to do something for now.

At any rate, what I really want to do right now is reach a human settlement.

Based on what I've seen from the skills earlier I can't really feel any hope about it, but even so if I stay here my only choice is to starve to death so there's no other way.

In the skill explanation it said "the effect on humans is lower" so I have no choice but to bet on that.

Moreover, I was worried about the curse of the tantou and robe, but what they meant was "if you drop it, it'll return to you after certain amount of time" and "even if you try to equip something else, it'll fly off".

I gave putting the tantou in my item box for a try, and found that the putting away part was possible.

But after thirty minutes it flew out on its own and settled itself into my right hand.

And moreover, while my hand was empty I tried to pick up a branch about the size of a wooden sword, but this time the tantou immediately flew out and knocked the branch out of my hand.

...Because it looked like it was jealous, I ended up finding it a little cute.

Also, it was fine if I picked up a small branch that wouldn't become a weapon.

As you'd expect, even if nobody was around, I didn't feel like stripping, so I haven't tested the robe, but it's probably the same.

But this means that I won't be able to wear other clothing.

I don't have a habit of dressing up, but I'm against having only the one

suit.

Let's sincerely pray that there's a way of dispelling the curse.

Because I didn't have shoes, I had no choice but to walk barefoot.

At first I walked timidly, afraid that rocks or sticks would cut my feet, but mysteriously there was no pain.

It might be that the physical ability that the evil god spoke about isn't just athletic ability, but includes toughness and stuff as well.

Once I considered that this unknown body of mine might not be human the dread surged forth, but I've decided not to think about it for now.

But still, my field of vision is terrible.

Because of all the thickly grown trees, there's nothing but blind spots.

I don't show it on my face, but inside I'm scared that an animal will suddenly jump out from the shade of a tree and attack me.

No, if it's just a normal animal then that might still be okay.

From the fantasy-ness of this world, it's plenty possible that a monster or something will appear.

The aimlessly wandering girl is suddenly surrounded by a pack of orcs and goblins.

The pitiful and unfortunate bishoujo was made into their plaything and... Mn, impossible, huh?

Despite myself, I accidentally had an impossible delusion.

If the me right now could have such a heroine-like development, it wouldn't have been odd for me to have had a steamy romance in my old life.

But in fact there's never even been a sign that I'd be able to get a boyfriend, and it was all underlings one-sidedly pledging their loyalty to me.

Mn, thinking about it once more, it's impossible, right?

Even considering my skills, I can't imagine anything except a scene of orcs and goblins waiting upon me.

I don't want to experience such a shocking event either, so let's hurry up and get out of the forest.



Smoothly and quickly progressing through the forest, the forest suddenly stopped for a while.

I could see a roughly 20 metre clearing between the trees.

Though it wasn't paved, it was probably a road, and along the flattened dirt of this road that stretched to my left and right were a number of wheel, hoof and foot prints.

And on the right hand side was a carriage that had stopp... stopped?

Feeling doubt about a carriage that went out of its way to stop in the middle of the forest, I looked more closely and found that around the carriage were about ten men, clearly nobody decent, surrounding the carriage with swords and clubs in hand.

Wai-, could that carriage possibly be in the middle of being attacked by bandits?

And of all things, right here right now as I leave the forest?

Why do I have to encounter such a cliched scenario? It couldn't be that this is some scheme of that evil god, could it?

There are still a lot of things I don't understand, but for now I have to think about what I'm going to do.

For now, I have three choices——

(1) Anri-chan with her strong sense of justice, rushes to the aid of the carriage, driven by her sense of righteous indignation.

(2) Anri-chan who obeys the strong, butters up the bandits and attacks the carriage together with them.

(3) Anri-chan who follows the creed of letting sleeping dogs lie, decides

that she didn't see a thing, and runs away.

Before I knew it I was using my revised name... Incidentally, I'm picking choice (3) of course.

Eh? Isn't this where you're supposed to pick (1), you ask?

Don't joke around, I have absolutely no intention of fighting.

As a cultural clubs-type person right down to the bone, I really wish that you wouldn't hope for such sports clubs-type stuff from me.

And moreover, nonchalantly strolling in front of that group of brutes would be like a sheep jumping into a pack of wolves.

For the same reason I'll say no to (2), and to begin with, I'm not so inhumane that I'd support the bandits.

Even (3) is inhumane, you say? No, no, telling a feeble level 1 girl to fight more than 10 bandits should be what's inhumane.

To you inside the carriage——probably a princess, or a merchant or something——sorry, but just write this off as bad luck and give up, and please don't get me wrapped up in this.

I quietly began moving back into the forest so that the bandits and the person in the carriage wouldn't notice.

Going by the standard in stories, right now would be when I step on a branch and the sound draws attention to me, but I'm not going to make such a mistake.

Even while keeping my eyes in their direction, I'm paying attention to my feet... Geh-, our eyes met.

“Hii!?”

The bandit furthest back; in other words, the man closest to me, looked in my direction and let out a shriek.

Hey-, oi.

“W-, What is it?”

“A-, A woman? No...”

Like a chain effect, the other men who looked in my direction backed away.

“No...”? You know, I am technically a woman you know, biologically speaking.

“...”

“...”

At about 30 metres in between, the bandits and I wordlessly faced each other.

A strained silence filled the area.

“...”

Unable to bear the silence, I unconsciously thought ‘anything is fine, just say something’ and opened my mouth.

But at that instant, that tension was torn apart.

“UWAHHHHHHHHHHH-----!!!”

“S-, SAAAVE MEEEEEEEEE-----!!!”

“W-, WAIT FOR ME!”

At that moment, the bandits fled in all directions.

Completely dumbfounded, I just gazed at their retreating figures.

..*

When I snapped out of it, the bandits were already all gone, and only the stopped carriage was there.

No, I didn’t notice earlier, but looking closely there’s one man still by the carriage.

I thought that it might have been a bandit late in escaping, but he was wearing clothing different from the bandits I just saw.

He was probably the owner of the carriage, and was just about to be attacked by the bandits.

It was just barely in time, but it seems that things ended without him

being killed.

I unexpectedly ended up saving him, but I wonder what happened.

From what I saw of the bandits' response from earlier, there's no doubt that the skill works just fine on humans as well.

Meaning that the chance that this man is afraid as well is high.

Honestly speaking I just want to pass on anything that'll gouge at my heart even more, but I might be able to come into contact with him amiably, so passing up this chance is a waste.

Indeed. I didn't do a thing and the bandits just ran on their own, but you could say that to this guy I'm his saviour.

If I speak to him friendlily, I'm sure it'll be okay.

Thinking this, I approached the man.

Oops, I'd better put this tantou in my item box so that I don't accidentally provoke him.

Also, smiling is important for developing friendly relations. Smile, smile.

However, when I desperately put on a smile, the already pale man's complexion grew noticeably worse.

Did I fail somehow?

Tilting my head in confusion, the man flung the leather bag in his hand towards me...HEBU-!?

“S-, SAVE ME GOD———!!!”

It seems that something metal was inside the leather bag, so something hard and heavy smacked into my face.

While I was confused at this sudden abuse, the man frantically jumped onto the coachman's spot and pulled the reins, and hurried the carriage away.

The carriage ran away like it was sliding, and travelled down the forest road just like that, before finally disappearing.

Still holding the leather bag that dropped from my face into my hands, I just stood frozen there.

.... It hurts.

Chapter 4: Relief

After experiencing that heartrending event of being run away from by both bandits and their victim, I stood stock still for a while, but I pulled byself together and decided to have a look at what was inside the bag that was flung at me earlier.

Just as I had guessed from that painful experience earlier, the inside of the bag was stuffed with gold coins.

I don't know what the currency in this world is worth, but there are quite a lot inside, and I think it might be a fair amount.

...The pain was proportional though.

When I counted the contents more carefully, I found that there were 5 gold coins, 48 silver coins, and 114 copper coins.

To be hit in the face with such a heavy thing, you did well in getting out unscathed, me.

I'm not sure, but it's probably that the carriage owner from before was just about to beg the bandits for his life with this money.

And then I appeared, and he threw it at me without checking what was inside...

Thinking about it again, I'm really getting a little irritated.

Though it wasn't intention, I was his saviour, but he threw something at me and ran away, so my anger is justified.

And so, I've decided to keep this money as reparations.

It doesn't seem like I'll have a chance to give it back after all.

Having tidied this matter up in my mind, I put a few silver and copper coins into the pocket of my robe, and toss the rest into my item box leather bag and all.

Now then, what am I going to do from now on.

From what I saw of the reactions earlier, even if I arrive at a town, I

think the possibility of them letting me in is low.

It's still better if they just get scared and run; if things go badly, I might even get attacked.

But staying away from civilisation like this is impossible.

I don't have any survival skills, and even if I did, it's dubious as to whether they would work in this other world.

In the end, I have no choice but to get to a town somehow in order to survive.

Can't I control these annoying skills somehow...?

Wait, hang on?

The bandits and the carriage owner looked scared after they met eyes with me.

In other words, can't we say that the fear is limited to the effect of the mystic eyes, and the aura alone doesn't have that much of an effect?

I accidentally thought of them as a set, but the weakened effect against humans was only written for the Evil God Aura, and it didn't necessarily affect the Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority.

If the Evil God Aura doesn't seem like it'll be that much of a problem, and only the Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority are an issue, then there are still ways I can cope.

Since making eye contact is the activation condition, the effect won't activate if I make it so that our eyes don't meet.

Fortunately the robe has a hood, so if I pull it down enough that it hides my eyes, I'll just be a person with a slightly eerie atmosphere... at least I hope that's how it is.

I can't deny that there's a lot of wishful thinking mixed up into there, but given that I don't have any other choices, I've decided to follow my original plan and look for a town.

First of all is the problem of which way I should head for now, but——

“...Let’s go this way.”

I’ve decided to go not in the direction that the carriage escaped in earlier, but to go the opposite way.

I think there should be human settlements in the direction that the carriage came from as well as where it was going, but I don’t know which is closer.

The probability is an even 50:50.

In that case, considering just in case that I meet with that carriage owner again, it seems like it would be nothing but trouble, so let’s go in the opposite direction.

And like that, I once again began to walk.



I don’t have a watch so I can’t tell the time accurately, but I think after walking for about two hours, the forest ended and I reached a wide grass plain.

If it was the me from before, then I would have been unable to move from the exhaustion long ago, but because of the reinforcement of my physical abilities I’m not even sweating.

The highway stretched out through the plain, and in the far distance I could see a town.

It was surrounded by a wall, and seemed to be quite a big town.

It’s just what I can see, but it seems that I’ll need to walk for another hour to get there.

After looking about the plain and confirming that there weren’t any dangerous looking animals, I headed to the town.

When I got close to the town, I could see that at the end of the highway was a small building set as the entrance, and in front of it stood a few people and their carriages.

I quietly added myself to the end of the line, and listened as best I could

for information.

Since I know nothing about this world's common sense, I don't even know the procedures of how to get into town after all.

The merchants riding their carriages showed the gate guards a card, and their carriage underwent a check before passing through.

As for those walking on foot, some of them showed a card just like the merchants, and some of them paid money and received a wooden card.

Those cards are probably identification papers of some sort.

But though there seem to be those that don't have them, in that case it seems that they pay a silver coin before being let through.

I'm worried as to whether this flawed system will be alright, but to me it's convenient.

While squeezing a silver coin I had in my robe pocket, I waited for my turn to come.

"Next... Just one person?"

"Yes."

It was my turn now so I walked before the guard.

Inside, my heart was pounding, but I didn't let it show.

Thankfully, because the hood was pulled down enough to cover my eyes, it seems that they didn't get scared.

"A woman huh. Do you have ID?"

"I don't."

"Then pay a deposit, and we'll issue you a temporary ID. The deposit is 1 silver coin."

Not a toll, but a deposit huh?

I wonder if they'll give it back when I leave.

I took out a silver coin from my robe pocket, and handed it over.

"We have certainly received it. When you leave the city, return the

temporary ID and we'll return the deposit. Even if you get an official ID when you're in time, don't throw away your temporary one."

"Got it... How would I go about getting an official ID?"

"Did you just come from a country village or something? The fastest way should be to register at the Adventurers Guild and get an Adventurers Card. There's also the church, and the Merchants Guild, but the former is no good unless you're a resident or a believer. As for the latter, only merchants can enter so it probably doesn't have anything to do with, miss."

Well, no matter how you look at it, I doubt I look like a merchant.

Since our eyes aren't meeting I don't know what kind of expression he's making, but this guard is quite kind.

The Adventurers Guild, the church, and the Merchants Guild; for now I know that the town has at least these establishments.

"Well then, this is your temporary ID. Make sure not to lose it."

"Yes."

Putting the wooden card away in my robe pocket, I went through the gate.

The town was mostly round in shape, and the road stretched from the gate I entered, through to the central plaza, then all the way to the gate at the opposite side.

I don't know what map direction it is, but from the words of the people walking around me, the gate I entered through was the eastern gate, and there were apparently also western and southern gates.

The northern side doesn't have a gate, but the estate of this town's—which seems to be named Riemer—governing lord.

The road I'm walking down now, and the one that perpendicularly intersects it at the central plaza seem to be this town's main roads.

There are stalls and shops lined up along the main roads, and most residences are a little further in from the main roads than the shops are.

While walking I had a peek at the stalls and shops, and checked the value of the currency.

The items in the street stalls didn't have price tags, and it seems that you need to ask the owner for the price.

On the other hand, the prices in the stores are displayed on wooden tags.

Two of this fruit that's about the size of my fist is one copper coin.

One piece of bread ranges from one to two copper coins.

The dress-type clothing that's worn by the people walking around in town is 15 copper coins.

A longsword about a metre long is 1 silver and 50 copper.

Wooden shields are 50 copper, while bronze shields are about 1 silver, marked down to 90 copper.

It seems that 100 copper coins has the same value as 1 silver coin.

Right now I haven't seen a place that uses gold coins yet, so I don't know how much it's worth.

The things at the front of the shops are probably cheap goods, and the more expensive goods that would use a gold coin are probably further in the store.

Just looking at the foods sold, 1 copper coin seems to be worth about 100 Yen, but because the prices are varied, it would probably be better just to avoid thinking about how to simply convert it.

Concluding my price investigation, I entered a clothing shop to buy the things that I needed to buy before anything else.

High waisted panties were 6 coppers each.

Babydoll-like underwear were 10 coppers each.

Low-heeled boots were 9 coppers a pair.

I bought three of each underwear type, and a pair of boots, so in total it was 57 coppers altogether, and when I paid with a silver coin, I got 43

coppers in return.

I couldn't find a bra.

In order to defend my honour I should say this to let you know, but what I couldn't find wasn't just my size, but bras altogether.

Let's pretend that I didn't see those bustier-type underwear hanging in the store.

Since I couldn't put on the underwear in a place like this, I patiently bore with this breezy sensation for a while longer, and put on only the boots.

Between "not wearing them" and "getting found out that I wasn't wearing them", which is better I wonder... It's a hard question, but I'll go with not being found out.

By the time I left the clothing store, the sun had set a lot, and the beautiful evening sun lit up the town.

The stores in the area were beginning to close up as well, and people were leaving for the road home.

It seems that this is a town that has an early night.

Thinking about it, there are no street lights, so once the sun sets the town will become dark.

The only places that do business at night are probably only taverns and slightly indecent shops.

I'd better quietly find myself a place to sleep or else.

Having decided that, I began walking down the main road as I searched for an inn.

While I was relying on the pictures on the signboards to search, I found a few inns.

Most of them seemed to have taverns on the first floor and guest rooms on the second, and most of them had a signboard with a bed and a signboard with a mug lined up alongside each other.

Amongst those I... didn't choose one, and instead decided to try and find an inn without a tavern.

It's just that taverns and the like just kind of smell of trouble, after all.

"Oh, a guest? Welcome, this is an inn."

An obasan around 40 years old spoke to me after I opened the door.

Speaking of which, I haven't really noticed it up until now, but for some reason it seems that we can understand each other.

"How much is one night?"

"One night is 1 silver, breakfast is 5 coppers, dinner is 10 coppers, and a tub of hot water is 5 coppers."

Hot water?

Ahh, in place of a bath?

I wonder if getting in the water isn't mainstream.

It's a bit of a shock.

"Five nights, with the food and water too please."

Saying that, I handed over 6 silver coins.

"Got it, your room is on the second floor, the final door on the right. This is the key. Do you want to eat straight away?"

"Yes, if that's possible."

"Right away. I'll prepare it now so wait in whichever seat you'd like."

After I received the key with a wooden plate attached, I sat in a seat to the side of the dining room and waited for the food to come.



After I finished eating, I received the tub of hot water, and climbing the stairs, I entered the room they gave me.

By the way, dinner was bread, stew with plenty of vegetables, and fruit for dessert.

It was simple, but delicious.

Opening the door with the key I received, I found that it was a room about 6 tatami, with a bed and a table set.

After entering and locking the door, I placed the hot water tub on the floor, and flopped onto the bed face up.

The ceiling with its wood grain entered my vision, and this unfamiliar sight really drove home that I was in another world.

Because of how desolate I was feeling, tears involuntarily blurred my vision... is not what happened, but it's a fact that my heart is filled to the brim with anxiety.

It seemed that I would fall into an endless loop of depression, so I got up because I felt like I would fall asleep if I continued lying there, and after checking once more that the door was locked, I took off the robe and dress I was wearing, and placed them on the bed.

I soaked the cloth that I received alongside the tub of water, and then wrang it out, and wiped myself clean starting with my hair, then my upper body, and finally my lower body.

Once I was more or less refreshed, I put on the underwear that I just bought, and put on the dress that I had tossed onto the bed.

I'm about to go to sleep, so it should be fine even if I don't put the robe on. The blanket is thin and it's a little cold, so I draped the robe on top though.

It's an hour where the sun has only just set, but perhaps because lots of things happened and I was tired, my eyelids felt heavy. There's nothing to do anyway, so I should just hurry up and sleep already. Thinking this, I crawled into bed.

Chapter 5: Holy Place

The light shining into the room brought my consciousness back.

It seems that today I woke up before my alarm clock woke me up.

Since I finally woke up feeling nice for once I didn't want to hear that piercing sound, so still lying down, I reached out my hand to stop it before it rang.

While groping around for the alarm clock that was always by my pillow, my hand touched something hard.

I tried to grab it from above and press the button on the alarm clock... when a sharp pain at the base of my thumb sent me jumping right up.

“Tss-!?”

When I looked at my pained right hand, I found that a cut ran vertically down the base of my thumb, and blood was oozing from there.

In confusion at the sudden event, I looked at where I had stretched my hand towards earlier, and found that in place of my familiar alarm clock was an ominous black knife lying there.

After looking around the room still confused, I remembered that this wasn't my room.

A six tatami room with a simple table set, and, completely at odds with the rest of the room, a jet black canopy bed.

Right, I was thrown into another world, and made it to this room.

Mn?

That's weird, there's something that feels off about this.

No, I mean, being thrown into another world is off to begin with, or rather it's beyond a level you can just call 'feeling off', but leaving that aside, it feels kind of like last night's scene was a little different, or rather...

While I dragged off the jet black robe that was hard to see atop the

black blanket, I frantically tried to work this mind of mine that wouldn't work well having just awoken.

Wai-, black?

Right, the thing that's off about this scene is the bed and blanket.

Last night when I went to sleep, it was supposed to be just a simple wooden bed, with white sheets and a white blanket.

And at some point it changed into a pitch black canopy bed... It couldn't be that I was kidnapped?

No, but the room seems to be the same as the room that I fell asleep in last night.

Still unable to process the situation, the knife from before entered my vision.

Earlier I was wondering why such a knife was in here, but thinking about it carefully, I realised that it might have been the curse.

I put it away in my item box, but because of the curse of being unable to unequip it, it probably flew out while I was sleeping.

Meaning that it's going to be like this every night? Today it ended with just a scratch, but if I don't do something about this I'll probably be seriously injured before long.

While licking my wound, I was at a loss as to what I would do from now on.

Having remembered about the knife, I realised what had probably happened with the bed as well.

While I was sleeping, the divine enchantment had probably activated.

There might have been a voice just like the time with the knife and robe, but unfortunately I was sleeping and apparently missed it.

In other words——

“I've done it now.”

Because of the skill, it seems that I accidentally demonically remodelled

the bed.

I, wonder if I'll have to reimburse them.

It's become luxurious, so I wonder if they might forgive me.

Despite running into trouble first thing in the morning, I put on my robe and shoes.

Let's just deal with it later.



After having breakfast I left the inn.

I roughly asked the inn obasan about the placed I wanted to go today, so all that's left is to walk about and search for them.

My goals are two places; the Adventurers Guild and the church.

I want to register at the Adventurers Guild for a Guild Card.

I don't have any intention of proactively going on adventures, but it seems like various things will get annoying without ID after all, and I want to maintain a way of earning money too.

My purpose of going to the church is to dispel the curse.

I experienced trouble this morning too, but I really would like to hurry up and get rid of the curses on this robe and knife.

I'm aware that the idea of 'removing curses = church' is largely influenced by the games I've played, but given that I can't think of anything else there's no choice but to try.

Since the curse really exists, I think there should exist a method to dispel it too after all, and even if the church can't do it, if I talk to them about my problems they'll probably teach me how to approach it.

A helping hand to the lost lambs.

The church was apparently somewhat closer to the inn, so I'll head there first.

Apparently the inn I stayed in is in the western side of town, but the

church is in front of the estate of the ruler's residence in the northern side, and the Adventurers Guild is near the eastern gate.

Turning left at the central plaza, I walked northwards along the road that intersected the east-west road.

After walking for a while, I could see a large building before me.

That's probably the estate of the lord of this town.

In that case, does that mean the church is that building whose distinguishing feature are the spires?

I arbitrarily had the image of 'church = cross' but thinking about it carefully, that's only limited to the Christians of my old world, and the churches of this world have no crosses.

Upon walking as far as the entrance, I could see beyond the open doors a dignified room that you could call a holy temple.

Benches were lined up, and there was a podium further in, and a person who appeared to be a priest was currently preaching.

Enshrined inside was a divine looking statue of a goddess, and people were sitting on the benches and offering prayers towards that statue.

Mn, there's no mistake that this is the church.

But still, with such a pure atmosphere, it seems that I can hold some hopes for getting this curse dispelled.

With lightened steps, I headed towards the entrance and went through that do-...MIGYAH-!?

The moment I tried to head through the door I collided face-first into the invisible wall that was there.

Taking a staggered step backwards because of the impact I took to the face, in front of me was a crack in space.

What's, with this?

Finding it strange, I timidly gave it a poke, when the crack widened from where my finger was, and with a light -pan-sound, something that was

surrounding the church ruptured and disappeared.

“Ah.”

Could this possibly be that? A barrier or something?

A barrier charged with holy power in order to ward off foreign enemies... Wai-, no, no, then why did I get repelled?

And moreover, with just a light poke it so easily broke too.

“...”

“...”

“...”

“...”

When I happened to glance that way, I found that everybody in the church was looking at me, frozen up.

It seems that the sound of the barrier breaking earlier resounded inside too, and they were paying attention to my every action.

Um~mm, I think that the possibility of the barrier breaking is only at a ‘not completely non-existent’ level, but I realised that from an outsider’s point of view, it looked like I had obviously destroyed the barrier.

Now that it’s come to this——

“... Strategic retreat.”

I desperately made a smile, and tilted my head in confusion before quickly leaving the scene.

I don’t hear any screaming behind me, I don’t hear any screaming behind me.

That my hood had been thrown off when I bumped into the barrier was something that I only realised after I made it as far as the central plaza.

Frantically putting my hood back on, I decided to take a breather at a cafe by the plaza.

While sipping the black tea I ordered, I thought about what just

happened.

It seems possible that the church had some kind of holy protection cast on it, but why did I have to get repelled by it?

I'm a human, and not a devil or anything... Wai-, is this because of the 『Child of the Evil God』 titlee!?

Mn, I can't think of any other reason after all, and it probably isn't wrong.

Do people with this title get treated as non-humans? So troublesome.

Like I thought, I really do want to give that evil god a punch.

With things as they are, it would probably be better not to go near the church for now.

I had my face seen without a hood on after all, and I accidentally met eyes with them so with the effect of the mystic eyes, it won't turn into anything good.

It seems that for now I have no choice but to give up on the curse removal as well.

While drinking my black tea, I let out a deep sigh.

Chapter 6: Promise

The door opened with a creak, and I passed through it into the Adventurers Guild.

Looking from the entrance there was a bulletin board on my left, and there were a number of papers that seemed to be requests pinned to them.

On the right side were a number of round tables, and chatting adventurers who seemed to be in parties.

And in front of me was the counter, with a young receptionist staff member who was speaking with an adventurer.

At the counter, besides the person speaking to the reception, there were also about two people lined up behind them, and I decided to line up behind them too.

My turn finally came, so I walked forwards to the counter.

“Welcome to the Adventurers Guild. How can I help you today?”

“I’d like to register.”

“Understood. To register you will have to pay 1 silver coin. Will that be all right?”

I nodded and drew a silver from my robe pocket, and handed it over to the receptionist.

“Well then, please place your hand atop this card.”

After saying that, the receptionist brought out 1 unmarked card and placed it on the counter.

I did as I was told and placed the palm of my right hand above the card.

After leaving it there for about a minute, the card shone.

“Thank you, that will be enough.”

Being told that I removed my hand from the card and found that the card that should have been plain up until just now was now marked with

letters.

It seems that part of my status has been written here.

Name: Anri

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Age: 17

Job: Mage

Level: 1

I-, I'm glad it was only a part.

If my title or skills were written here, it might have caused a huge fuss.

“I'll be transcribing what's written on the car—”

“Oi, oi, this little girl wants to become an adventurer? It's the end of the bloody world.”

Cutting off the receptionist oneesan's words was a voice from the side.

When I reflexively looked that way, I found that one of the adventurers talking by the tables earlier was now standing there, and walking our way.

He's a large man at around 2 metres, and has a fierce and filthy, thickly bearded face.

Could this be... a ‘picking a fight with an OP protagonist’ event?

“Oi, oi, Gartz. You're seriously picking a fight with another newbie?”

“Doing this everyyy singleee time. You sure don't get bored, huh.”

Wai-, this happens all the time?

It seems that I was just being overly self-conscious. I'm so embarrassed that my face is burning up with shame.

“Oi, how 'bout saying something. Don't just stand there wordlessly forever with your face hidden.”

Saying that, the bear of a man that picked a fight with me——Gartz, pulled away my hood with his hands.

“!?”

Gartz who was looking right at my eyes stiffened up, with shock and horror frozen on his face.

Fortunately, his large build was hiding me so it seems that the other people weren't affected by my mystic eyes.

The next moment, something flew up from below and settled into my hand.

“HII-!?”

When I had a look, I found there the ominous jet black tantou that I got used to yesterday.

It seems that the time limit for leaving it out of my hand has passed.

Seeing me who looked like I was preparing a weapon, Gartz let out a shriek and fell on his backside.

Like that, he backed away to get away from me.

While watching that, I managed to get the hood on and hid my eyes just in time.

“Oi, what's wrong!?”

Perhaps noticing Gartz' strange behaviour, one of his comrades who was sitting at a table behind us rushed over to Gartz and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“!? UOOOOAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH———!!!”

“Ga-!? What the fuck are you doing!?”

Gartz had turned around when a hand was placed on his shoulder, and letting out a roar of terror, he stood up and bolted.

Some adventurers besides Gartz' companion tried to stop the rampaging Gartz, but Gartz shook them off and jumped out the door.

I can hear shrieks and angry yells from outside but, ummm, this isn't my fault, right?

Decided that it didn't happen, I turned around and found that the receptionist ojousan was frozen with the card in her hand.

"Not going to copy it?"

"Heh? Ah-, please excuse me. I'll immediately copy it over!"

She transcribed the details from my card into what seemed to be a register of names.

"And it's finished. Umm, what did you do to Gartz-san earlier?"

"Nothing really."

Taking the card back, I gave a curt reply.

It's the truth that I actually didn't do anything, and it was all an act of fate, but it seems that the receptionist isn't really buying it.

Even if he's carried off my cursed tantou in the chaos and is affected by the status effects, it's not as if I've attacked him after all.

"Umm, do you require an explanation on the requests?"

"Yes please."

Even if she hadn't accepted it, perhaps sensing that it wasn't a good idea to poke her nose into it, the oneesan changed the topic to pretend it didn't happen.

I was grateful for that too, so I accepted.

"The things posted on the bulletin board to the left are request papers. Please rip off the requests that you'd like, and bring them to the reception along with your Adventurers Card. Once the request is complete, please present the proof and your Adventurers Card, and we will hand over the reward. There are also some requests with time limits, so please take care. Once the time limit has passed, you will have failed the request, and will need to pay a penalty fee."

Hmm, so far it's all normal.

Only, nothing is written on the request paper except the contents of the request, the reward, and the time limit, huh.

Speaking of which, there doesn't seem to be ranks written on the Adventurer Card either, does there.

"Are acceptable requests divided by rank?"

"They are not; you can fundamentally accept any request. We do warn you if you pick a request that's too impossible, but we will not force you to comply."

In other words you're responsible for yourself, huh.

"Requests are mainly divided into three types; subjugation, collecting, and guarding. Do you require an explanation of each?"

"Those are fine."

As you'd expect, at least that much can be understood just by the names.

"That concludes the explanation. Will you be immediately accepting a request?"

After giving a nod, I peeled from the bulletin board a request that I had my eye on, and placed it on the counter together with my Adventurers Card.

"Umm, let's see, the medicinal plants collection request. The minimum number is five leaves, and are 30 copper altogether, but even if you collect more it isn't a problem. This is a permanent request by the guild, so there's no time limit."

One leaf is 6 coppers, huh?

It's probably in-between the buying and selling price of the stores.

Eh? Aren't you going to accept a subjugation request, you ask?

It's scary, so don't wanna.

"It doesn't matter where you collect them, but they grow in large numbers in the eastern forest, so that would be the most reliable place."

“Got it.”

I collected my Adventurers Card and turned around.

All of the adventurers who were peeking at me averted their eyes together.

What's with this? Bullying?

It didn't seem that it'd be a good thing for me to say here like this, so I left the Adventurers Guild.

I bought a sandwich from a stall to eat for lunch, and headed town from the eastern gate.

I returned the temporary ID that I got when I entered town yesterday, and had them return my deposit.

After walking for an hour I reached the forest, and around the time I collected 10 leaves, the sun had set so I returned to town.

Unusually I didn't meet any trouble, and passed the day without being attacked by monsters, but I only realised that this was something abnormal much later.

Chapter 7: Job Change?

Scanties are a type of underwear in Japanese that corresponds to low-cut panties, or particularly short panties.

For research purposes, please search google images for ‘スキャンティ’.
Please feel free to envision the design of your choice.

*

It's been three days since I've been tossed into this world.

On the first day I had my hands completely full with just getting to town, and on the second and third days I earned money by doing the Adventurers Guild's collection request.

Even with only two days experience as an adventurer, I've realised one thing already.

I can't live doing only collection requests.

Because the day I registered I did something like go to the church, the day ended with just the medicinal herbs collection quest, but the next day I had time so I accepted two requests.

The reward I got was just barely 1 silver coin, and just spending a night at the inn used that up.

If you include the food expenses then I'm completely in the red.

Because I have the compensation money——let's go with that——from the first day I won't be immediately troubled, but my spending exceeding my income is just a matter of time.

There should also be novices besides me who won't touch the subjugation requests, but I wonder how those people live?

While I was wondering this I gave asking the receptionist oneesan a go, and found that those people were those that lived in this town and didn't need to pay inn fees, or people who lived together in a cheap inn room.

In other words, my lifestyle doesn't match my income.

In that case you might tell me to drop the level of my lifestyle, but for a modern person that's too rough even as a joke.

Honestly speaking, to me, even the inn I'm staying right now is at a level that I can't fully accept as 'high'.

And moreover, as a maiden I'm against sleeping together even for a little with people I'm not in a relationship with; for the moment let's leave aside the issue of whether there's a man out there who would actually attack me.

And given this, I have no other choice but to increase my income.

With collection requests, I know that no matter how hard I try it'll be difficult to increase my income any more than this, so the only choice left is to accept subjugation requests or bodyguard requests.

I'm not really up to either of them, but if I had to pick one then I'd go with the subjugation request.

Since picking a bodyguard request would require direct communication with the client, it's clearly not suited for I who can't work in the hospitalities industry.

Moreover, anyone can see that if I accidentally met eyes with them while we were on the journey, it'd turn into a huge fuss.

To begin with, I doubt that I'd even be hired as a guard with my eyes hidden like this.

Subjugation requests require you to subjugate the designated monsters, and bring back a part special to them.

The monsters that have subjugation requests sent out are ones that cause some sort of harm, or those that pose some sort of risk.

The clients are mostly those that have suffered harm, the Adventurers Guild, the Merchants Guild, or the lord of the town.

A subjugation request for goblins which become annoying once they grow in numbers is a permanent request put out by the Guild.

Since it's "subjugation", you have to kill the target, but honestly

speaking that's a heavy burden for me.

"I've never even killed a bug before" ... is not what I'm saying, but in all my life I've never knowingly killed an animal before.

I think all modern people are similar in this.

Honestly speaking, suddenly accepting a subjugation request is something that needs courage, and I'm scared that I'll fall into a helpless panic and get killed instead.

But I happened to hear about a beginner's dungeon south of Riemer.

Dungeons are generally labyrinths that take the form of caves, and inside are countless monsters and traps, and finally sleeping treasure.

Activated dungeons are controlled by a dungeon master, but the beginner's dungeon that I mentioned already had its dungeon master subjugated, so apparently its fallen under the jurisdiction of the Adventurers Guild.

Because it was subjugated when it had just formed, it was a short dungeon with only three floors, and because low level monsters like slimes and cobalts spawned endlessly, it's apparently being utilised as a training ground for those new to subjugation requests.

Additionally, the term 'Beginner's Dungeon' is the popular name amongst adventurers, and nobody remembers the official name.

Of course, even if it's under the jurisdiction of the Adventurers Guild, the things it releases are real monsters, and it's not as though there's absolutely no threat to your life at all.

But the beginner's dungeon with its limited monsters has a higher level of safety than an actual subjugation request, so you could say that it's the ideal spot for training.

Since I couldn't find enough courage to accept a subjugation request, I've decided to try training in the beginner's dungeon for now.

If this is no good, then I'll have to look for another way to increase my income.



After walking for a little under two hours from the eastern gate was the entrance to the dungeon by the lake shore.

Giving a sidelong glance at the sign that said “Only authorised personnel are permitted entry - Adventurers Guild, Riemer Branch”, I timidly step foot into the entrance of the dungeon.

Having said that it’s under the jurisdiction of the Adventurers Guild, its not as though the inside has been modified, and it’s a cave that goes into the bare rock itself.

While holding the tantou in my right hand, I began carefully searching. Speaking of which, I’ve heard that as long as you keep your left hand along the wall, even if you get lost you’ll eventually make it to your goal. I might get lost after all, so I’ll do that, at least until monsters appear.



Having walked around inside the cave for perhaps an hour, searching the dungeon while cutting down ferocious monsters that attacked me with a single swing of my dagger... is not what happened.

No, well, despite having walked around the cave for almost an hour, for some reason I haven’t been attacked by a monster even once.

On the contrary, I haven’t even seen one.

I considered that it might just be how it is, but I immediately refuted that idea.

This is clearly unnatural; like this, it would probably be completely useless as a training grounds for the Adventurers Guild.

At this rate I’d just be walking around for nothing, so I decided to think about it while taking a break.

The truth is that I actually vaguely know the reason why, but I just don’t want to acknowledge it.

If I acknowledge it, there’ll be some real trouble later.

Having said that though, it's also a fact that running away from reality forever won't get me anywhere either.

I need to gather my courage and face reality.

...It's because of the Evil God Aura isn't it, this situation?

The effect is a lot weaker on people than the mystic eyes so I forgot, but "the effect on humans is lower" is in other words, "on things other than humans, it demonstrates a strong effect".

There's no way that an aura that'll send a dragon running frantically won't frighten slimes and cobalts.

Since the first floor loops around if you walk far enough, if they're always running away from me then I can understand why I would never meet them.

Speaking of which, even when I was first thrown into the forest, and when I was searching the forest for the collection requests, I've never been attacked by monsters in the places that I've visited, but thinking about it now that was clearly unnatural.

Because of the Evil God Aura, the monsters probably ran away without me knowing.

Being unattacked by monsters is something good in and of itself, but at the same time it means that I can't complete a subjugation request.

Since subjugation requests are targetted at monsters that attack people to begin with, having the enemy turn tail and run from you is probably beyond expectations.

Being the case, it means even if I go out on a subjugation request the monsters will just run away from me from afar with the exception of monster nests in places like caves with dead ends, but I can't imagine that such a convenient request will come by often.

...I'm stuck.

The reward for collection requests is low, and if I'm unsuited for subjugation and bodyguard requests, then raising my income will be

difficult.

Do I really have no choice but to drop the level of my lifestyle...?

『The dungeon core of dungeon “Lakeshore Cave” has been granted divine protection.』

Mn?

『Gained control of dungeon “Lakeshore Cave”.』

『Gained title “Dungeon Master”.』

『Acquired skill “Dungeon Create”.』

『The fundamental structure of the dungeon will be modified based on the dungeon master’s attribute.』

『Dungeon name has been changed to “Holy Land of the Evil God”.』

Wai-, hang on.

No, seriously, please hang on.

Shocked at the sudden event, the surrounding scenery underwent a complete change before my eyes.

The ceiling that had seemed reachable with your outstretched hand grew several metres taller, and the sides grew far, far wider.

The walls that had been bare rock had changed into walls of black brick, and the torches that had been placed here and there changed into ominous candlesticks and shone with eerie purple light.

Drifting around me was a thick and eerie dark green fog, and I could hear a malice-filled roar that seemed to resound from the depths of hell.

This place that shouldn’t have had a single cobalt now had countless wraiths and golems swaggering about.

Mn, it’s been splendidly changed from the beginner’s dungeon from just now to a place with a last boss-ish atmosphere.

From the fact that the monsters aren’t attacking me, together with the voice from just now, I’ve more or less guessed it already, but I’ll check just

to make sure.

“Status.”

Name: Anri

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 17

Job: Mage

Level: 1

Title: Child of the Evil God, Dungeon Master [New]

Mana: 3031504

Skills:

- Evil God Aura (Lv.5)
- Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority (Lv.5)
- Divine Enchantment (Lv.7)
- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.6)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.6)
- Item Box (Lv.4)
- Dungeon Create (Lv.1)

Equipment:

- Tantou of the Wicked Demon
- Black Clothes of the Evil God
- Babydoll of Depravity
- Scanties of the Succubus
- Pumps of Darkness

Mn, unfortunately it seems that I wasn't just hearing things.

My titles and skills have increased.

I ended up becoming a dungeon master.

<Dungeon Master>

The ruler that lords over a dungeon.

Can use the dungeon core to manage the dungeon, and eliminate intruders.

<Dungeon Create>

The elementary skill for a dungeon master.

Used by the ruler to expand or maintain the dungeon.

A dungeon core is required to use the skill.

The level depends on the number of floors the controlled dungeon has.

Lv.1 is for 1~5 floors.

From the 『voice』 earlier, and what I can see from the explanation, there's something called a dungeon core in this dungeon, and those that control the dungeon through that are the dungeon masters.

And the beginner's dungeon had its dungeon master subjugated, but perhaps because the dungeon core was left as is, or perhaps for some other reason it reappeared.

In other words, I don't know for how long exactly, but in a dungeon with no lord, as long as you have the dungeon core you can control the dungeon, and because of my divine enchantment skill the effects spread via the dungeon and the dungeon core figuratively fell into the palm of my hand... Is this for real?

This is bad, seriously bad.

It seems like the dungeon master of an endlessly growing dungeon would be subjugated, so if this gets found out my life will be targeted.

And now that the place that should have been a beginner's dungeon got turned into this, they'll immediately notice the abnormality.

Now that it's come to this——

“Let’s pretend it never happened.”

Mn, thinking about it carefully, even if the abnormal change of this dungeon is made public, I can just put on an innocent face and live in town.

After all, I haven’t tested to see if other people can see it too, but as long as the skills and titles on my status screen aren’t seen by anyone else, there’s no way that anyone should know that I’m the dungeon master.

Chapter 8: Moving

Hello, it's Anri.

This is a bit sudden but... I was driven out of the inn.

Strictly speaking, my five days at the inn were up, and when I asked to extend it I was refused.

I hadn't noticed it myself, but the innkeeper obasan was terribly afraid, so we probably accidentally had eye contact at some point.

And though I did think that this would happen before long, being driven out this early was beyond expectations.

And the fact that I wasn't forcefully driven out, but that they entreated me "I'm begging you, please leave" pierced my heart, so I'm pretty depressed.

Perhaps I should be looking for a replacement inn, but the shock was just so great that I can't find the motivation for it.

And in a way, it might be perfect timing.

Since I haven't solved the problem of balancing my income and expenses, you could say that this is a good chance for me to think about really doing something about it.

It's just that if I don't think about it like that, I won't be able to go on, though.

While taking a breather in the central plaza café that I ordered a black tea in last time, I thought about my plan for now.

There are two general paths that I'm considering.

The first is that I'll guarantee some other income source, and the second is doing something about the "shelter" issue that takes up most of my expenses.

I considered the former when I signed up to the Adventurers Guild too, but because it was too hard I ended up giving up.

In both personality and skill abilities I'm devastatingly unsuited for the hospitalities industry, and it's not as if I have the know how either so jobs in production are impossible.

There's basically no path for me to take in trying to earn money except for adventuring.

Alchemy using my divine enchantment—buying cheap things and selling them after enchanting them with divine protection—is something I considered as well, but because there's a high chance that the weapons and clothing I enchant turn into cursed items, to begin with I wouldn't be able to sell it, and even if I could sell them, it'd be an extremely eyecatching thing to do and would probably bring me trouble.

As for the latter, finding a place to live is difficult too, and since I only have 5 gold with me I don't have enough to buy a house, and because renting a house and staying at an inn both have the risk of being driven out, I wouldn't be able to settle down.

In the first place, living in an environment with other people means that I'd always have to be careful so that I absolutely wouldn't meet eyes with anyone, so to begin with it was impossible.

Ideally it'd be "a place with nobody around", "not rented, but owned by me" and also "has a fairly decent living environment".

Since I'm stating my desires, it'd be best if it comes with "a way to make money" as well.

"As if such a convenient place..."

could exist, was what I wanted to say, but the truth is that if I don't care about what methods I use, there actually is such a place, which is why I'm so troubled.

Do I take principles, or do I take profits...? That balance has probably already tipped in my heart.

You can't deal with an urgent problem without sacrificing something in return.

Mn? A samurai pretends he has eaten well when he has no food, you say?

I'm not a samurai, so there's no problem.

Gathering my thoughts, I headed to a store to stock up on food.



Three hours later, with a large amount of food stuffed into my item box, I came to the dungeon from the other day.

I've twisted my ideals and chosen the path of profits, in order to live in the dungeon.

“a place with nobody around” ...From the town, it takes two hours to get here on foot, and there are no oddballs that have taken up residency here

“not rented, but owned by me” ...I am the dungeon master after all

“has a fairly decent living environment” ...It's not that great now, but I can expand it and remodel it as I please

comes with “a way to make money” as well ...There'll probably be plenty of easy targets with money from now on

The demerits are ‘obstructions to my peace’ and ‘the pain to my conscience’ but the former can be fixed by strengthening the dungeon, and as for the latter, even in the worst case scenario, I'm going to compromise and make it a rule in my heart not to let anybody die.

Having made up my mind like this, I entered the dungeon.

I could grasp this vague and delicate feeling of “it feels like I can do this for some reason” with my ability as the dungeon master.

For example, since the dungeon is the area ruled by the dungeon master, as long as it's within the dungeon I can move where I'd like, and although this is limited to when I'm inside the dungeon, I can see and hear all the places inside the dungeon.

I used teleportation to move to the room with the dungeon core.

In a small room of about 6 tatami, a blue crystal of about 50

centimetres was floating in the air.

This was probably the dungeon core.

I touched the dungeon core with my hand as I muttered.

“Dungeon Master.”

Name: Holy Land of the Evil God

Attribute: Darkness, Death, Pestilence

Floors: 3

Mana: 1532

My own status was the same, but the dungeon status couldn’t get any more sinister.

I’ll pretend that I didn’t see the name and attributes, and look at the other entries.

Having three floors means that it probably took over the beginners dungeon as is.

A lot of the fundamental structure has been changed, but I guess the separation into floors hasn’t changed.

It seems that the mana value is the amount of mana that’s been accumulated by the dungeon, and it seems that using this I can expand or maintain the dungeon.

There are two ways to accumulate mana in the dungeon core; either when the dungeon master personally fills it with mana, or when invaders die in the dungeon and their mana is sucked away.

The dungeon core serves as a piggy bank too, and if the dungeon master puts in mana every day, they can utilise mana above their capacity.

For example, an average dungeon master’s mana value is 10 to 20 thousand, and since it costs 1 million to add a floor, at that rate they’d eternally be unable to add floors to the dungeon, but if they store it in the dungeon core then regardless of their capacity, if they store 10,000 each day, a simple calculation will tell you that it’ll take them 100 days per

dungeon floor.

But actually putting all your mana into it would probably be bad, and you'll probably need to use mana for other things as well so it wouldn't go so simply, and you'd need a longer amount of time to add a floor.

Having learned all this information from the dungeon core, I smiled bitterly.

As expected, it seems that a mana value of 3 million is abnormal.

Just having a nights sleep will restore most of my mana, so each day I can add three floors, meaning that in 100 days I can add 300 floors.

No, I mean, even if I add that many floors it's just going to get impossible to manage, so it's not like I'm going to do it though.

Mm~mm, I want to stop saying 'mana value of __' and give it some kind of unit. Maybe points?

Anyway, I poured 3 million mana points into the dungeon core, and used 2 million from that to add two layers.

It seems that the floor with the dungeon core automatically stays the furthest down, and right now it's become the 5th floor, with a new 3rd and 4th floor above it.

I made the 3rd and 4th floor orthodox and typical labyrinths, but I used the remaining 1 million points to remodel the 5th floor into a base.

I divided it into a few rooms and created a bedroom, living room, kitchen, bathroom, toilet, storeroom, and an office with the dungeon core in it.

While I was at it I used mana to create a pseudo-sun and established a day/night cycle.

There was an off feeling about having the light come from directly indoors rather than from outside a window, but I'll probably get used to it before long.

What's left is to use one of the larger rooms to create an indoor vegetable garden... it'll probably be a while before any harvests though.

Because I was remodelling as I liked, the 1 million points were used up in a blink, but for now I've made it look like the bare minimum for a residential section.

At the end, I instructed all inhabitants to intercept intruders, but I made sure to give a strict order not to kill them and only knock them out.

With normal monsters there'd probably be dissatisfaction and a chance that they'd ignore the orders and go with their instincts, but the inhabitants of this dungeon are all non-living monsters with no sense of self, so they'll probably obey my orders absolutely.

Because I used a huge amount of mana, I'm feeling sleepy, but somehow overcoming it with willpower, I headed to the bathroom.

It's the first chance in a while for me to get in a bath, so I can't fall asleep until I'm satisfied with the bath.

I was really thoroughly soaked in the first bath I'd had in days, and while still in the water, I fell asleep.

Chapter 9: First Purchase

A kantoui(貫頭衣) is a Japanese type of clothing that's basically a simple cloth with a hole for putting the head through, worn like a poncho. According to a certain Chinese text, Japanese people were wearing these at the end of the third century.

*

Former adventurer, Dungeon Master Anri here.

I fell asleep while still in the bath so I thought I would catch a cold, but I turned out as healthy as ever.

If I had to name a problem, it would be that the curse apparently activated while I was asleep, and I ended up soaking in the bath with the tantou and robe equipped.

I can't change, so I'm stuck with being soaking wet like this...

Well, if I walk outside for a while it'll probably dry off, but because I'm soaked down to my underwear it feels gross.

Am I going to be unable to bath for more than 30 minutes?

Pulling myself together, I took out food from my item box and after having a simple breakfast, I teleported to the entrance.

Leaving the dungeon, I headed towards town.

Having made a decision to become a dungeon master, the problem of "shelter" is now gone.

Because of the curse I can't change, and I can only worry about the problem of "clothing" without being able to do anything.

What's left is the problem of food, and although I did buy a large amount yesterday, and I've established an indoor vegetable garden as well, the food stores can only decrease, and it'll be a while before I can harvest.

Even if I could harvest them, I'm not a vegetarian so it'd be tough for me to live only eating vegetables.

Meaning that I'll be forced to make a shopping trip in town once in a while, but... there's one problem with this; I don't know how long I'll be able to come and go here.

With the events with the church and the Adventurers Guild, a group of people probably already have suspicions towards me, and once the transformation of the dungeon is known, it wouldn't be strange even if there were people who linked the timing together.

Thinking about it like that, it would probably be better to assume that one day it'll become difficult for me to come and go here.

Considering that I'll be unable to enter and exit the town, I want somebody I can entrust the shopping to, but unfortunately I have nobody to rely on.

Don't say lonerised! I know I am.

Even if I were to hire someone, there's nobody I can trust and leave everything to, so there's only one choice left that comes to mind.

Showing my Adventurers Card and entering the town, I headed towards the slave dealer.



I first found out that this world had slavery right after I reached town.

I had an image of slavery being illegal and shady, but it was in normal shop in a place relatively close to the main street and the memory of being shocked but that is still fresh in my mind.

Based on the information I heard from other peoples' conversations, as well as some guesses of my own, the slaves of this world are apparently separated into four types; people whose statuses had been dropped to slavery as punishment, the crime slaves; people from a defeated country who were taken as war prisoners, the war slaves; people who had fallen to slavery as security for a loan, the debt slaves; and finally people who were born to two slave parents, the birth slaves.

There are various reasons why they separate the origins of the slaves,

but they're all unrecognised as humans all the same, and bought and sold for money.

The slaves are forced by a contract to their master to absolute obedience.

In this world where magic exists, 'absolute obedience' doesn't mean just a rule, but being compelled to obey the commands of their master.

Even if you ordered "kill yourself", no matter how much they tried to refuse, their body would move on its own and they would suicide.

Slaves are treated as possessions, so no matter how a master treats them, the master won't be punished.

Because they're fundamentally expensive, I don't think people would kill them on a whim too often, but that's not an absolute.

The most expensive slaves are young females, followed by men with good builds.

As someone born in Japan, I'm opposed to the slavery system, but a person who won't betray me no matter what could be said to be the most suitable.

... *

... *

... *

"Welcome. Will you be purchasing a slave today?"

When I entered the shop a neatly dressed, tidy-looking man asked me that at the very beginning.

It seems that he's the shopkeeper here, but he was so different from the arbitrary image I had of slave traders being fat men that I was at a bit of a loss as to how to react.

When I nodded, he guided me to one of the tables set in the shop.

The shopkeeper sat down right opposite me, and our business talk began.

“Our shop has all sorts of slaves prepared. What kind of slave could it be that you are looking for?”

“In the first half of their teens, and a female... ah, and on the verge of death.”

The moment I stated my request, the shopkeeper froze, and looked my way.

Because I can’t look at him in the eyes, with my eyes still hidden, I replied with silence.

There’s no doubt that it was the third condition that he reacted to, but of course I have proper reasons for saying it.

The first is the price; I’d feel reluctant about ordering around people my elder, and since I’d need courage to eat and sleep together with someone of the opposite sex, I want a girl in the first half of their teens, but in that case the 5 gold I have with me might not be enough.

If it’s somebody who doesn’t have long because of illness or injury, then even if they’re a girl in their early teens, I thought that the price would be lowered greatly.

I wasn’t sure if they even sold someone like that to begin with, but there are apparently uses... as human shields against strong monsters, and the experimental materials for mages though.

The second reason is that even if I bought a slave here and left the shopping and my daily life to them, there’s the problem of that slave being afraid of me.

From the point of keeping my secrets, I’d need to have them live in the dungeon with me, but if we’re living together then it’s probably impossible to not ever meet eyes with me.

Even though with the absolute obedience to their master, a slave can’t go against them, in the end they’re only bound in their actions.

If I ordered them “Don’t be afraid of me.” they would just be unable to act afraid, and it wasn’t as if the fear itself would disappear.

I've come up with one countermeasure, but for that to work I need them to accept me at least once.

If they're not somebody grasping at straws on the verge of death, they won't meet the prerequisites.

"Of course, there aren't many slaves like that, but we do have some. I must trouble you to come downstairs with me. Would that be all right, miss?"

Nodding in reply, I followed him into the back of the shop.

It seems that if you were looking for a normal slave then the shopkeeper would pick some that satisfied your requirements and bring them out, but for a cases like mine they wouldn't be able to be brought, so they'd go see them like me.

After descending some narrow stairs, a jail came into view, the illuminating torchlight interrupted by the cell bars.

Inside the cells were a number of females.

All of them were completely naked, but while some were lying on plain futons, others were sitting with their backs against the stone wall.

"According to your requirements miss, it should be those in this area. If any catch your eye, I will give a detailed explanation but..."

I interrupted the shopkeeper who was turned to me and speaking by lining up beside him, and at an angle where he wouldn't see my face, I removed my hood and looked over the women in the cage.

I could separate the responses into three.

Those who trembled and averted their eyes, those who didn't react and just unmovingly stared into space, and just one who, though frail, was looking in my direction without budging.

I stepped forwards towards the only one that showed a different response, and stared beyond the bars.

That girl was sitting just by the bars, sitting powerlessly against the wall.

Her long blonde hair was dirty and dull, her ribs could be seen, her limbs were withered away, and she looked like she could take her last breath at any moment.

Even her face that would have surely been pretty if she was healthy had sunken cheeks, and was just a shadow of what it probably had been.

But even on the verge of death, she registered my presence, and had her blue eyes turned to me.

“This girl is?”

“Her name is Tena, and she’s 14 years old. She was born in a village a little distance from Riemel, and is a debt slave, but on the way here she was attacked by a fatal disease and she probably only has a month left to live.”

They’re cruel words to say before the person in question, and Tena trembled when she heard them.

However, at the same time this was proof that she hadn’t yet given up on living.

Despite knowing that her life was about to end soon, without giving up, she was still clinging to the desire to live.

“If it’s me, then I might be able to save her.”

After dropping those words, I could see that her blue eyes that were looking at me were shaken.

She was meeting eyes with me, but she didn’t show any sign of being afraid.

It’s probably that because she spent each day attacked by a fear of death stronger than the fear given by my eyes, her sense of danger was numbed.

“I don’t have any proof, but if you’ll believe and accept me, then take this hand.”

In front of the bars, I held out my hand.

For a while, Tena looked at my face, and the hand I was holding out, but in the end she timidly held out her hand and met mine.

“How much?”

“The cost is 5 silver coins.”

While lightly grasping this thin hand that seemed breakable even with my feeble strength, I asked the shopkeeper behind me for the price, and got that kind of reply.

Having said that she is on the verge of death, I couldn’t tell whether that price was high or low for a human, but with her potential, if she’s healthy she would probably be worth 100 times that.

The shopkeeper probably felt a lot of doubts about my words and actions, but perhaps because of his awareness as a professional, he didn’t ask me about it.

“Got it. Then I’d like you to dress her in any random clothes; I’ll pay for the extra.”

“No, if it’s just simple clothing for slaves, then it’s complimentary.”

He summoned a tough-looking assistant man who opened the cage and carried Tena out.

“We’ll hand her over once we’ve washed the body and given her clothes. We’ll need you to finish the paperwork in the meanwhile, so please come back to the seat from earlier.”

I followed the shopkeeper at his prompt, and left behind the underground jail.

...*

Sitting down when I returned to the shopfront, I entered the necessary details into the contract sheet, and paid 5 silver coins.

“We have certainly received it. Finally, there’s the registration of the slave, and the paperwork will be done.”

When he said that, with good timing came the man with Tena in his

arms.

She was wearing a kantoui if you could call it that; it was a simple outfit made of a cloth with a hole for her head.

It wasn't tied up with a belt, so her naked young body could be seen from the sides.

Seemingly having been washed, her blonde hair had also regained a lot of its colour, but even so the aura of death that floated from her entire body crushed out any of her appeal.

Laid on the floor, there was a collar that hadn't been there before around her neck.

“Please touch her collar with your hand.”

Following the shopkeeper's words, I stood up from my chair and reached my hand out to the collar on Tena's neck.

The collar made of some unknown stone-looking material hadn't a single seam, and looked like it couldn't be taken off.

After touching it for a while, the collar shone with light.

Is this the same make-up as the Adventurers Card?

『Tena has been enslaved.』

Just like the times I enchanted something, or the time I became a dungeon master, I heard a voice from somewhere.

“With this, she's become your slave, and has absolute obedience to you. Because she can't walk, would you like us to call you a carriage?”

“I don't need it; I'll carry her.”

Saying that, I ignored the shaken shopkeeper and assistant, as well as Tena's voice, and grabbing her arms, I placed her on my back.

She twisted her body to try and get down, but in the end, perhaps finally giving up, she calmed down.

I'm not sure what kind of expression the shopkeeper was giving me when I left the store.



She was light.

They did say she was 14 so she was certainly younger than me, but perhaps because of malnutrition, she was more petite than her age, and was one or two heads smaller than I was.

To add to that, she was thin enough that her ribs were showing, and she had so little weight that even the powerless me could easily carry her. Somehow that lightness made me sad.

Having said that though, no matter how light she might be, I still have to carry her all the way to the dungeon by foot, so it'll probably be tough for both of us.

After leaving the shop, I entered an alleyway and walked a little, and after finding a place where nobody was around, I let her down to the ground.

Tena who was sitting on the ground looked up imploringly at me as I stood next to her, and in reply I took a step back from her and removed my hood.

“You swore to believe in me.”

“...Yes.”

For the first time, words came out of her mouth.

Hearing her answer, I thrust a finger at her forehead.

“If those words of yours are true, then accept this.”

Saying that, I used my skill consciously for the first time.

“Divine Enchantment.”

『Divine protection has been granted to Tena.』

『Divine protection has been granted to Slave Clothing.』

Together with those words, Tena was engulfed in gathering darkness.

When the darkness cleared, Tena's appearance had completely

changed.

The blonde hair that was dull even after being cleaned was now radiantly sparkling, and her sunken cheeks and fleshless limbs were now full, and the softness characteristic to a girl had returned.

There was a black pattern where I poked her, like a sideways letter “S”, and her blue eyes had turned to deep crimson.

Her clothing resembled the kantoui as well, but it had morphed into something resembling a blackened version of an ancient miko outfit, decorated with ornaments.

More than anything, her atmosphere of near death had disappeared, and the brilliance of a bishoujo returned to her.

Mn, seems that it went well.

Though it's that of an evil god, it's still a god's “divine protection”, and a game-broken skill that changes beginner's equipment into things that you'd find in the final dungeon.

I expected that even a fatal illness could be cured in an instant with it.

That even her clothing would change was a little beyond expectations, but if it's cursed... sorry.

“Eh-.... Ah-...”

Dumbfounded at the transformation to herself and her outfit, Tena stared wordlessly at her hands and clothing.

While she did so, she realised that despite feeling sharp pains just by breathing before, there was now no sign of her illness at all, and tears began to spill from her now red eyes.

To Tena who thanked me again and again as she clung to the hand I had thrust out earlier, I swallowed down the guilt of distorting her life and future for my own convenience, so that it wouldn't show on my face.



Tena whose tears had stopped after continually crying for a while had

paled upon thinking back at what she had just done.

Seeing Tena peeking at my face, I was secretly relieved that even if she had become healthy again, she didn't show signs of being afraid of me.

I wonder if she's gained resistance to my magic eyes and aura because of her divine protection.

"Stand."

"Y-, Yes-!"

I didn't intend on saying it so strongly, but Tena bolted up, and stood at attention waiting for my next words.

It seems that there's no terror from the skill, but I got the impression that she was nervous to the extreme.

"I want you to live at my home and do the housework and shopping."

"...Eh?"

? I wonder why did she react to me like she was doubting me?

"Dissatisfied?"

"T-, That would be absurd! Only, umm... is just that much fine?"

Ahh, I see.

Certainly what I just asked her to do could normally be dealt with by simply taking applications for servants so there's no reason to go out of my way to buy a slave.

Slaves exist to be forced to do things that servants can't, or won't do.

Only, I don't have anything else I particularly want her to do for me, so it can't be helped.

If the master was a man then he would probably add serving him at night to that, but I'm a woman so that has nothing to do with me.

"Just that is fine. But, I live quite far from town, so shopping is quite a task."

"Understood."

Tena tilted her head in wonder about where I lived, but she probably hasn't even imagined that I live in a dungeon, huh.

Explaining would be difficult, so I'll just have her see it for herself.

After buying shoes and underwear for her, I had Tena register at the Adventurers Guild before leaving town.

Chapter 10: Hikikomori Lifestyle, Begin

It's been four days since the slave girl Tena has begun living with me.

At first she was just shocked about everything, but even she seems to have finally gotten used to it.

Rather than 'gotten used to', it might just be that she's abandoned thinking about the outrageous and abnormal though.

It seems that she helped her mother with the housework in the village, so she can do most chores, and the things I can't do like the cooking or cleaning I've completely left to her.

No, I mean, I should say this just in case, but it's not as though I don't have ability in cooking and cleaning.

It's just that when I pick up a knife to cook the tantou will knock it out of my hand, and when I try to put on an apron the robe will flick it away.

Even when I thought to just clean up the area around me and picked up a broom it was no good; it seems that brooms are treated as weapons.

Incidentally, when it comes to laundry, I can't change my clothing, so she just does her own.

Fortunately, perhaps I should say, it seems that because of the activation of the divine enchantment, although it's only at first, the clothing seems to undergo a status restoration after a certain amount of time, so filth and tear doesn't remain.

Tena's a slave, but right now my only order as her master is "Don't do anything that'll put me at a disadvantage".

She seems to hold an absolute devotion to I who cured her illness and saved her life, so even if I don't go out of my way to order her, she'll work eagerly.

While giving a sidelong look and watching her work, I chanted "Status.".

Name: Anri

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 17

Job: Mage

Level: 1

Title: Child of the Evil God, Dungeon Master

Mana: 3031504

Skills:

- Evil God Aura (Lv.5)
- Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority (Lv.5)
- Divine Enchantment (Lv.7)
- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.6)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.6)
- Item Box (Lv.4)
- Dungeon Create (Lv.2)

Equipment:

- Tantou of the Wicked Demon
- Black Clothes of the Evil God
- Babydoll of Depravity
- Scanties of the Succubus
- Pumps of Darkness

Kin:

- Tena

The new “kin column” was added with Tena’s name listed there.

I checked with Tena, but it seems that only I can see this status screen, and Tena can’t see my status.

Also, Tena tried chanting “Status.” but she apparently couldn’t see

anything.

When I focused on Tena's name on my status menu, her status was newly displayed.

Tena herself can't display the menu, and whether it's because she became my slave, or because of the divine enchantment is unknown, but it seems that her status is treated as part of mine, and I could see her status.

Name: Tena

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 14

Job: Mage

Level: 3

Title: Slave, Disciple of the Evil God

Mana: 60532

Skills:

- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.4)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.4)

Equipment:

- Miko Outfit of the Evil God

Subordination: Anri

I decided to accept her "Slave" title as something that couldn't be helped, and "Disciple of the Evil God" was probably because of the divine enchantment, huh.

Her mana value is as high as 60 thousand points, but considering that the average dungeon master has 10~20 thousand, it's probably a value that's exceeded the human realm.

It's unclear now what her mana value was before the divine protection,

but it seems that she doesn't have any knowledge of magic herself, so I can guess that this value came about because of the divine enchantment. 'In fact, the person herself didn't realise but she actually had a natural talent for magic'... the chance that it's something like that isn't zero, but, well, there's almost no mistake that it's because of the divine enchantment. Even her skills; they're the same system of skills as mine after all.

The "Miko Outfit of the Evil God" is the kantoui modified by the divine enchantment, but the fact that she has nothing else in her equipment doesn't mean that she wasn't wearing underwear or shoes, but rather that apparently normal clothing with no defensive properties aren't counted as equipment. It's not as if I've gone and ordered her to go commando.

The time when I bought shoes and underwear for Tena she was feeling extremely obliged and was hesitant about it, but I forced her to wear them for the sake of my mental stability. I've heard that normally there are no masters who would give such things to their slaves, but wearing a miko outfit in the nude is just such a sexual deviant-esque get-up that I wouldn't be able to calm down with her around.

Additionally, it seems that the Miko Outfit of the Evil God isn't particularly cursed, and Tena can change clothing normally... It's discrimination.

"Tena."

"Yes, Anri-sama."

When I called out to Tena who was placing a teacup before me, Tena immediately replied to me. By the way, at first she called me "Goshujinsama [tl: esteemed master]" but I couldn't calm down so I got her to call me by my name instead. I said that she didn't need to attach the -sama, but this was apparently where she drew the line, and because she stubbornly resisted, I gave up.

Tena was about to stand behind me in waiting so I told her to make her own share of tea and sit down opposite me. Tena was bewildered about

sitting down together and tried to decline, but I had something to talk to her about so I somehow got her to agree. Even though she should have been raised in a village, why is she so skilled in serving others is hopeless mystery.

“Do you want to see your family?”

To the question I suddenly dropped, cutting to the point, perhaps it was unexpected because Tena stiffened up.

I heard that Tena who was a debt slave was taken away by slave merchants as security for a loan. Thinking that she might want to return to the village since she was forcefully separated from her family, I decided to ask her what she thought about it.

As for me, I’d be troubled in various ways if she wasn’t here so I’d like to avoid her leaving, but I don’t really mind her returning to her village for a little while, so if she wants it then I intend to let her. We’ll probably be acquainted for a long while after this, so I thought that I should be considerate so that she didn’t built up dissatisfaction.

“It would be a lie if I said that I didn’t.”

“Then,”

“But honestly, I don’t know what kind of face I should make if I meet them. I think my family feels the same way.”

Well, that’s just about right.

The family that sold the girl for money, and the girl who was sold for money; even if it was something they couldn’t help, it’s obvious that it’s complicated.

“Got it. Then if you feel like meeting them after you sort out your feelings, then say so. If it’s a few days, then I don’t mind.”

“T-, Thank you very much!”

Her eyes were teary, but Tena’s smile was really charming.



Now then, since she's living here, it's for Tena's sake as well that strengthening the dungeon is my top priority. Over four days I've been slightly modifying the dungeon, and each day I've added a floor, so at present it has 9 floors. I have no intention of increasing it endlessly, but because I want a dungeon as impregnable as possible to guarantee our safety, I plan on expanding it to 30 floors.

I don't want to think about fighting myself, but I've left 1 million mana points remaining for emergencies, and each day I spend 2 million points on strengthening the dungeon. 1 million points are used for adding a floor, so that leaves 1 million left for remodelling and reinforcing.

On the first day I spent points on adding rooms to the residential area, and adding furniture. I needed a room for Tena to use as well. It was a residential area with nothing but the bare minimum bed and table, but now, it's finally got the appearance of a home. At the very least, just by having a bath the lifestyle circumstances are higher than the inns in town though.

On the second day, I established a teleportation circle on each floor.

As the dungeon master I can free move through the dungeon, but Tena can't do that. Since I'm having her go to town to buy things and the like, I need a way for her to easily reach the entrance. Luckily I was able to make it so that it was only usable by people whose mana had been registered beforehand, so invaders won't be able to use it.

Additionally, on the floors besides the residential area, I created two teleportation circles; one that goes one-way towards the entrance, and one towards the residential area for non-living things only. The former is for when defeated invaders want to go home, and the latter is especially made to send down loot from fainted intruders.

On the third day, I worked on adding to the monsters that appeared.

Originally it was only wraiths and black steel golems roaming about, but I added skeleton lords and chaos elementals as well. In order, they're; spirits of the dead that are not only impervious to physical attacks, but use powerful magic; a 3 metre tall steel lump of a doll; a skeleton that can

easily swing a greatsword; and a lump of miasma that can absorb every attribute except holy.

Of course, I've made sure to forbid the new monsters from killing people as well. Both of them are non-living things, so they'll obey my orders absolutely.

On the fourth day, I put traps on each floor.

The point was to avoid death, so of course I didn't put any dangerous traps that would kill people instantly. They were mainly things like bear traps, pitfalls, paralysis gas, sleeping gas, and one-man teleportation circles. Incidentally, the last one is the nastiest. It's a small sized magic circle so it's function is limited to the one floor, but it'll suddenly send only one person in a party somewhere else. If I surround them with monsters once they're alone, it probably won't even be a fight.

And with today's new floor, the dungeon has grown to 10 floors. Since 10 is a nice number, I've decided to place a room when you descend from the 9th floor with a boss guarding the entrance to the residential area. Monsters that don't appear endlessly and need to be brought forth or summoned individually are boss monsters.

Spending the entire 1 million points on bringing forth a single monster, I ended up stationing the No Life King. He looks like a skeleton-type monster with a luxurious robe, and a crown on his head. Giving off a thick aura of death from his entire body, that majesty of his is truly fitting to be called the king of the undead.

Since I had already gone to the trouble, I used the few remaining points to add a throne worthy of him to the boss room.

...With this, if I turn the entrance to the residential area into a hidden door, even if there are mighty warriors who make it this far, they might do me the favour of mistaking him to be the lord of this dungeon.

Now then, with this, it finally looks like a real dungeon. Of course I still intend on strengthening it more, but even at the moment, we can deal with invaders up to a certain extent.

Chapter 11: A Dungeon With Few Customers

On the 8th day since I began administrating the dungeon, the first adventurers finally visited.

While I was enjoying my after-meal tea in the residential area that was now on the 12th floor due to the additional floors, I heard the sound of the intruder alarm. Also, the No Life King is still stationed on the 10th floor. I stationed him there as a boss to protect the residential zone, but once I considered that I'll be adding more layers later, it seemed that the 10th floor was a nice clean place for a midboss, so I decided it might be good for him to continue controlling the floor. Incidentally, even though there's a midboss, there's no end boss. I mean, I have no intention of fighting after all.

I'm having the No Life King as a boss room that you need to pass through no matter what if you want to take the stairs from the 10th to the 11th floor, so I'm having him stay there.

Also, it would be boring to be able to simply challenge a boss, so I decided to prepare a puzzle that you had to complete by correctly arranging the stone slates left around the same floor, like the puzzles you often see in RPGs. If you put the sun, moon and star type slates into the pedestal at the very end of the 10th floor, the wall is set to open up and let you into the boss room. Just to make sure, I added the message "Thee who wouldst come in challenge before the throne of the undying one, arrange correctly the skies." on the pedestal. I get the feeling that it's basically already solved with this, but it's for aesthetics' sake.

*
..

Now then, enough about the 10th floor. I need to have a look at the intruders this time. Still holding the black tea that Tena steeped for me, I headed to the office.

There was nothing but a chair, small table and pedestal in the office,

with the dungeon core set above the pedestal. After I sat down on the chair, I placed my hand to the dungeon core and used my mind to bring up the information on the intruders. A window opened and showed the inside of the dungeon. In the image of the first floor were 2 adventurer-looking men, and when I looked to them, their statuses appeared.

Name: Lufree

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 25

Job: Swordsman

Level: 14

Title: None

Name: Benet

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 16

Job: Swordsman

Level: 4

Title: None

I didn't know all this time because nobody except Tena and I had been in the dungeon before, but it seems that I can use the dungeon core to see the status of intruders to the dungeon. However, unlike our statuses, I couldn't see the skills or equipment.

But still, for a duo, there seems to be quite a difference in age and levels. Unlike Lufree who was wearing metal armour, Benet was equipped with light weight leather gear. Both of them had longswords in their hands, but the sword that Lufree was using was giving off a more remarkable aura as a sword than the one Benet was holding. I could see a difference not only in age, but in their equipment too. I wonder if it's a case of a

veteran supporting a beginner while he gains experience.

Thinking about it carefully, if the news of the dungeon's transformationg hasn't spread yet, then these two came here with the intent of challenging the "Beginners Dungeon", and it looks like that assumption was correct. The fact was that they had stopped in confusion at the entrance, over the change to the dungeon. But in the end, it seemed that they decided to see what the inside was like, and the two of them carefully made their way into the dungeon.

.. *

Before the pair who had cautiously made their way from the entrance room, appeared a wraith and black steel golem, one after another. The two of them stiffened up in shock, but Lufree, the more experienced of the two, regained his senses more quickly and shouted something towards Benet while raising his sword into a guard.

However, Benet was frozen with fear, and couldn't react to that shout.

The wraith fired clumps of shadow, and though Lufree immediately jumped to the side and avoided a direct hit, Benet didn't react and was thrown against the wall by the impact. While worrying about Benet who was sliding down the wall, collapsed, Lufree brought his sword into a guard again without any carelessness.

At that point, the black steel golem closed in and swang down its fist. Lufree dodged to the right whilst diagonally diverting the blow with his sword, before swinging the sword in an arc towards the left side of the golem. However, the result of that was the cruel scene of his good sword being broken in an instant. Lufree who had swung his sword was dumbfounded by the broken half of the sword that flew through the air.

At that point, the black steel golem swang the fist that had been blocked horizontally, and with the bewildered Lufree unable to parry, he took a direct blow to the chest and was sent flying roughly 5 metres into a wall, before falling to the ground. Lufree tried to somehow get up, but at that point, the wraith once again fired clumps of shadow, and Lufree who was collapsed on the floor was unable to immediately move, and after

being struck in the side by the clump, he was once again sent flying. This time he had apparently completely lost consciousness, and didn't get up.

The black steel golem neared the unconscious two and collected their items and gold, and after dragging them to the room with the dungeon exit, threw them inside.

Also, because the room with the exit is like the residential area in that monsters are forbidden from entering, the black golem couldn't go inside. The teleportation circles from each floor also head to this room.

After tossing the unconscious intruders away, the black golem picked up the collected items from earlier, and began walking towards the 1st floor's item-use teleport circle. The items that he collected will probably be sent directly to the residential area that I'm now in.

For now, I can probably count this times' invaders as repelled.

In fact, even though I did give orders not to kill anyone, it was still scary to watch. They should have held back enough, but even so, as long as they were attacking, the possibility of somebody dying due to being hit in a bad spot wasn't zero, after all. As long as the invaders have a certain degree of power, I reasoned that they would probably be able to react to avoid taking fatal injuries, which is why the possibility of somebody dying by accident was supposed to be quite low, but because there was somebody who was obviously a beginner this time, it couldn't help that I was worried.

Having only just remembered about my now cold tea, I finished the rest before leaving the office and heading to the room next door with the item-use teleport circle.

While walking down the hallway, I considered the adventurer duo from earlier. They were probably lying in the 1st floor room with the exit right now, but they realised that the dungeon has changed. Once they regain consciousness and return to town, they'll probably report the transformation of the dungeon to the Adventurers Guild.

When that happened, I can think of two reactions the Adventurers Guild will take.

The first would be to send in high level adventurers to survey it, and the other would be to make an announcement and publicly solicit people to conquer it. Only, because it would be difficult to conquer the dungeon without knowing the level of difficultly, I expect that they'll send an investigation team at least once. Unlike this time, it'll probably be fairly high leveled adventurers being sent in. I was prepared that this might happen at some point, but now that it's here, it feels like I'll be crushed by the anxiety.

When I entered the room with the teleport circle, the swords and items had just been sent in. Repelling adventurers, and then stealing their items... Without even having to think deeply about it, it's the same as what a robber does. But for challengers to a dungeon, getting only their weapons, items and gold stolen and being returned to the entrance with their lives even after collapsing is exceptional service. Had this been any other dungeon, they woud have definitely died, so although I'm not going to ask them to be thankful, I hope that they'll think that it was at least better than what could've been.

Also, that I stole their weapons but not their equipment... is not because of compassion, but rather because I can't stand the stink. In this world where people don't typically take baths, the smell that you get from the armour worn over many days by men who don't wash themselves is, something that makes my hair stand on end just imagining it.

The spoils of war this time were 2 longswords (though one was broken), 3 silver coins, 25 copper coins, 4 medicinal grasses, and 2 adventurer car——wai-, adventurer cards!?

Oh crap, as you'd expect, taking these away is pretty bad, and to begin with, without adventurer cards or money, the two of them won't be able to return to town, so my expectations have gotten messed up in various ways.

When I teleported to the entrance room in a panic, I confirmed that the two of them were still unconscious, and quickly returned their adventurer cards. While feeling relieved that my follow-up made it in time somehow or other, I teleported back to my original room. I have to make sure to

order the monsters in the dungeon not to take the adventurer cards, later.



Two days after the first intruders, the dungeon alarm rang out once again. It seems that adventurers dispatched by the Adventurers Guild to survey the dungeon are now intruding.

The duo that I beat up had entered in the early afternoon 2 days ago, and had returned to town and reported to the Adventurers Guild. After deciding on the course of action, the whole of the next day they gathered people and prepared, and so today they sent out the survey team...

Mn, the timing matches up.

I quickly headed to the office, and just like last time, sitting on the chair I held my hand to the dungeon core.

In the image shown of the 1st floor were 4 men.

Name: Vaif

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 32

Job: Swordsman

Level: 25

Title: None

Name: Banard

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 29

Job: Swordsman

Level: 22

Title: None

Name: Theodore

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 29

Job: Mage

Level: 20

Title: None

Name: Esel

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 26

Job: Scout

Level: 19

Title: None

It seems that the party this time is quite well balanced. Moreover, even the lowest level Esel is higher level than Lufree from the other day.

It's probably the highest level party amongst the people that the Riemel Adventurers Guild could immediately mobilise. As expected, the veteran scout who took the vanguard was checking for traps and enemies, and they were carefully and safely exploring.

Even when they encountered a black steel golem along the way, they were a party with clearly divided roles, for example the swordsmen holding up a strong defence, while the mage used earth magic to destroy the ground beneath the golem and stopped its movements.

After they smoothly explored the 1st floor, they found the stairs to the 2nd floor and headed downstairs.

On the 2nd floor, at first their exploration had been going well too, but for some reason it seemed as though their enthusiasm suddenly

dampened halfway in. Standing on the spot, they energetically argued with each other, but I feel impatience from their expression.

I didn't know what they were talking about, so I couldn't tell what was going on except for the fact that something inconvenient for them had happened. It's extremely convenient that I can watch what happens in the dungeon like a movie, but being unable to hear sounds is inconvenient, so if I can do something about it, I'd sure like to improve this.

After that, they continued exploring, but Esel who had his concentration messed up stepped on a paralysis gas trap, and except for Theodore who was in the back, the other three were paralysed. Because of two black steel golems who seemed to use that gap to attack, the party was wiped out all too quickly.

Chapter 12: The Robbing Evil God

After driving out the survey team-looking people, starting from two days later, the number of intruders suddenly jumped up. On a normal day, 3~5 parties will come to raid us. And because I got fed up with hearing the alarm each time, I changed the settings so that it would only ring once they reached the 4th floor.

At the moment, 80% of the intruders are defeated on the 1st floor, and most of the remainders fall on the 2nd. The only party that made it to the 3rd floor was the survey team from the other day who had come to challenge it again, and nobody reached the 4th floor.

『GYAHHHHHHH!』

『G-, God dammit... To... in a place, like this...』

Also, regarding observing through the dungeon core, it needs quite a bit of mana, but I managed to reform it so that I could hear sounds too.

The result was that I found out the reason that the survey team 's pace suddenly got worse on the 2nd floor. Apparently there's miasma floating in this dungeon. Certainly now that you mention it, I do get the vague feeling that that word was mixed in amongst the attributes for the dungeon, but I want to believe that in the end it's just the characteristic of the dungeon and not something that's my fault. 'Miasma' or whatever kind of sounds stinky, so I'm absolutely denying it.

『What a sinister dungeon. The dungeon master has gotta be a pretty dangerous guy.』

『Yeah, we gotta brace ourselves.』

By the way, based on what I heard while eavesdropping on them, there are apparently lots of different types of miasma, but the miasma in this dungeon doesn't do physical harm like a poison, but apparently has an effect on your mental state. Speaking simply, it amplifies fear, and is a troublesome thing because although this dungeon is one that you need to progress through really carefully even at best of times, the miasma

increases your mental strain right away. In the end it's just a mental effect and can't do anything to you physically, so apparently you'll be alright as long as you keep yourself together, but the act of bracing yourself in itself brings about mental strain, so it's a nasty one.

『Kuh-, the miasma is too thick! It'll get dangerous if we go any further!』

『We're only on the 2nd floor yanno!? If it's like this on such a high level, just how terrible are the lower levels!?』

Perhaps as an effect of being linked to the exit, the miasma is thin enough that there's almost no effect, but in comparison to this, the 2nd floor and below has thicker miasma by the level.

...Is it really because I'm on the lowest level?

No, no, the Evil God Aura is supposed to have a weak effect on humans, so it's probably something else. That's why I'm not in the wrong.

..*

Proportional to the amount of invading adventurers, the amount of collected items have increased too. Honestly speaking, it's taking quite a bit of time to sort the items that were collected. Even at a glance there seem to be some things I didn't really understand mixed in there, so I had to throw them into the item box and check the name... and after I did all this, it ended up taking a surprising amount of time.

And even though I did the work with all my might, sadly, despite the amount of time it took to organise everything, there were a lot of things that I didn't need. For things like mass-produced swords, no matter how many dozens of them I had there was no use for them, so I think I'll have them brought to town and sold for money, but if people who should have lost their items in the dungeon saw them while shopping, it would definitely be suspicious so I can't. In that case, I could just stop collecting them, but now that I've already started doing this, it seems that it'll give birth to some weird speculations in the public if I stop halfway, so I'm hesitant to do so.

I should have told them just to collect the gold. I'm sick of seeing

swords already.

『Aah... I'm done, my consciousness... A-, All I want... just my sword... this sword that took me two years of saving up for, can't...』

And so, I've decided to try putting them in treasure chests.

Using the Dungeon Create skill, I created and installed a treasure chest creation box. The treasure chest creation box is a wonderful thing that places the things inside it into treasure boxes randomly around the dungeon. The treasure chest creation box is something that's used to lure in prey, since normal dungeons steal mana by killing intruders. Placing things like strong weapons or expensive gems into the treasure boxes, they lure in prey using greed.

In my case, I throw in nothing but unnecessary things like weapons, so it's almost used like garbage collection though.

But still, having said that they're unneeded, weapons or whatever can be sold for fairly high prices, so it's not as though it doesn't attract customers. Moreover, once the news spreads that you can get back the things you lost in the dungeon from these treasure chests, it'll be possible to sell things under the pretense that we found them in the chest. Well, if we do it too much, as you'd expect things would get suspicious, so we can only sell a few at a time though.

Also, I wasn't really sure about having only these unneeded consolation prizes, so for roughly every ten, I'd mix in one with enchantment. They might be cursed, but looking at just my tantou, the stats should be good.

『T-, This sword is!?』

『We'd better report this to the church, or else, huh?』



“I am back, Anri-sama.”

“Welcome back.”

Tena had returned from selling things in the city.

Also, since the number of adventurers dropping by had increased, I

created a backdoor for Tena to come and go through. I might be a little prejudiced, but about half of all adventurers are rough-looking men. If it were in town then it might be another matter, but I can easily imagine that if they met a girl like Tena in a place with few people, she'd definitely get mixed up with them in a bad way.

Of course, since I can't say that she'll be absolutely fine in town, I instructed her to buy a robe for herself to use in town, and not show her face too much.

"I have put the ingredients I bought in the food storeroom."

"Thanks. And so, how about the thing I asked for?"

"Yes, please have a look at this."

I asked Tena in an indirect manner like that, to go have a look and see how the Adventurers Guild was treating this dungeon, while she was out shopping. When I asked her about the result, she presented me one sheet of parchment.

This was written on it:

Request: Suppress the dungeon master of the new dungeon south of Riemel, the "Wicked Cave of the Robber"

Reward: 30 gold coins

Requirements: Present the dungeon core

Time Limit: None

"Wicked Cave of the Robber?"

Did they discover some other new dungeon?

"It seems that the Adventurers Guild has named this dungeon as such."

Wai-, they're talking about this dungeon? Thinking about it, neither the adventurers nor the guild have any way of knowing the official name of this dungeon, so if you had to ask if it was obvious that they'd give it its own name, then yeah, it's obvious I guess.

But still, by "robber"... Well, I mean, I certainly do take the items and

gold of the intruders, so it's not as though you can't call me a "robber", but even though I thought that we'd have a more positive image than other dungeons, the impression they have of us is cruel.

"Unlike other requests, this one does not need to be accepted, so as long as you meet the requirements, it seems that you can receive the reward. This paper has been distributed to all parties."

Rather than a request, I wonder if it wouldn't be more accurate to say that it's basically a bounty already. That I'd have a bounty on my head is not something I could even have imagined when I first came to this world... is perhaps not something I can say, since the moment that I saw the skill explanations.

A reward of 30 gold coins is quite a large amount, so I can assent to the sudden surge of intruders. If the conquering of the dungeon doesn't progress, then the guild will probably raise the reward, so the intruders will probably keep increasing from now on.

If this was a normal dungeon, then the intruders would die once they fell anyway, but as long as you don't have a series of terrible coincidences, you won't lose your life in this dungeon. In other words, unlike other dungeons, as long as you don't give up you can try again, so even if the number of intruders increases, there won't be much decrease.

I need to strengthen the dungeon to stop them from breaking through to the lowest level, at any cost. Having decided this, I decided to return to the office.

Chapter 13: Cornered

Sacred Goddess implies 'a saintly woman-type, goddess'

*

The alarm that represented intruders rang out.

This sound that I hadn't heard for the long while since I changed the conditions for the alarm to people invading the 4th floor, sent my right tension up. When I sat on the chair on my office and looked at the intruders on screen as usual, I found a party of 4 being shown. Two of them were female.

When I checked the intruder party's status I found a shocking entry.

Name: Arc

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 25

Job: Swordsman

Level: 38

Title: Hero of the Holy Sword

Name: Zio

Race: Human Race

Sex: Male

Age: 28

Job: Swordsman

Level: 33

Title: None

Name: Frey

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 24

Job: Mage

Level: 33

Title: None

Name: Widdi

Race: Human Race

Sex: Female

Age: 19

Job: Cleric

Level: 31

Title: None

Hero...?

I was shocked at the title held by the ikemen swordsman with the short blonde hair who was walking as the vanguard.

No, I mean, since it's a fantasy world like this, having a hero might not be all that strange, but now that he's here in front of my eyes, I can't help but be shocked, as you'd expect. Moreover, the fact that it's shown as a title must mean that he's formally recognised as a hero by "something". I don't know if it's a god, or a country, but even though there's been close to 100 intruders so far, nobody else has had a title.

But not only the hero who doesn't fail to live up to his name, the other party members also have levels that are clearly a cut above the rest.

Could this possibly be a desperate pinch that I'm in...?

I've already increased the dungeon to 27 floors, but I'm worried about whether that will be enough to stop them in the end. Let's say that they do manage to reach here, what would I do? What would they do? When I see the sharp looking shining sword that the hero is holding, an

unpleasant sweat runs down my back. While praying that he wouldn't reach me, I continued to monitor their exploration.

『The effect of the barrier is about to run out, so I'll recast the barrier, okay?』

『Yeah. Counting on you, Widdi.』

Widdi who was dressed in a nun's outfit gave her proposal, and they all stood still in the large room. After Widdi chanted her spell, for an instant, all of them were wrapped in a white light. The light settled after a moment, but if you looked carefully, you could see that their whole bodies seemed to be faintly shining.

『With this, we'll be protected from that troublesome miasma for a while longer, hey?』

『Now that we've come as far as the 4th floor, it's gotten very thick after all, so if we didn't have Widdi's barrier, our progress would not be very good at all, would it?』

『Huhu, I'm glad to be of use. Because we have the protection of Arc-sama's Holy Sword, it might have been meaningless though.』

『Nah, it helps. Even if we have the enchantment of my Holy Sword, I don't think it would feel too good being enveloped in this evil miasma.』

Well, sorry for being evil.

But still, monks had a way to defend against the miasma? This is some important information. The enchantment on Arc's Holy Sword is on my mind as well.

『But still, this dungeon was only just made, right? Just how many floors down does it go?』

『Usually it would take a number of years to grow, huh?』

It seems that because they stood still to reapply to barrier, they've decided to take the chance to rest in that room. While paying attention to the surroundings, they sat down in the room and began chatting.

『Well about that, it seems that when the dungeon master of this

dungeon was originally subjugated, this place was only 3 floors deep. The guild believes that the current dungeon master took over that dungeon and used it as the basis for this one.』

『Even so, considering that this floor right now is the 4th one, there's no mistaking that this place grew in a short time, huh?』

『Yeah, you have a point, Frey.』

『But well, I really doubt that it's in the double digits after all. I don't know when this dungeon master took over this dungeon, but even at the earliest estimate, it wouldn't even be a month after all.』

Well, no, it's 27 floors.

It's more convenient for me that they're optimistic, so I'm not going to tell them though.

『The dungeon master... huh?』

『What's wrong, Frey?』

『Well, I was just wondering what kind of guy the dungeon master is, you see. The impressions of them is just too random... while you're thinking about how they release this terrible miasma, at the same time all their traps are non-lethal, so...』

Seeing the glamourous mage oneesan fall into thought, Arc asked her the question, and she voiced her doubts. Certainly if you consider it from an outsider's point of view, perhaps it can't be helped that they see it as random. It's not like I'm releasing this miasma because I want to after all, and from my perspective, I did try to make everything consistent, though.

『Speaking of which, I've heard that there still hasn't been one fatality in this "Evil Cave of the Robber" yet, hey? Even when you get done in by the monsters and faint, they only take your weapons and items and throw you by the entrance apparently.』

『Ahh, I see. So that's why it's "robber" isn't it.』

『Even so, we can't let our guards down. The monsters that appear here are all strong foes that will easily wipe us out if we lose focus after all,

and even if the traps are non-lethal, they're dangerous and can throw us into a crisis in an instant. Also, if by some chance I had the Holy Sword stolen, I wouldn't be able to face our Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama.』

『I don't think that beings of evil would be able to touch the Holy Sword, but yes, that is true isn't it.』

Sacred Goddess Sophia, huh? Is that the name of the god worshipped in this world? Speaking of which, the time when I went to the church in Riemel, I get the feeling that there was a statue of a goddess enshrined further inside the church hall. I didn't have time to pay attention to it at the time so I don't remember the details though.

In my old world I didn't believe in god, but as long as that evil god exists, it wouldn't be strange for god to exist either... or rather, I'd hate it for there only to be that evil god, so I hope they do exist. Well, since the monk really can use their power, I think the power of gods exists at the very least.

Going by Arc's title and the conversation just now, could it be that he received the Holy Sword from that goddess? From the name 'Holy Sword' it probably has holy power, and in a dungeon with lots of undead, you could say that it's something you could call its natural enemy.

Considering that I was rejected by the church's barrier, I'll probably go through a harsh time if I meet with that sword too. Of course, even if it this wasn't the case, I'd still pass on being cut down though.

『Well, I don't know what kind of guy they are, but there's no doubt that their personality is totally messed up, hey?』

『Ahaha, definitely. They seem to be a money-grubber, so they might even be dressed up like an upstart rich guy, you know. I'm sure they definitely look like a fat, ugly lump of meat.』

『Huhu, you're right.』

Youuu-. I-, I want to hit them...

I'm sure they meant it as some meaningless chatter, but no matter what, isn't saying those things about a maiden just too cruel? Boiling

mad, I sent the monsters current on the 4th floor towards them, and at the same time, I poured in my mana and increased the spawn rate of the monsters on the 5th floor and below.

Without knowing about the angry me on the other side of the screen, the hero party wrapped up their break and began exploring again.

I was wondering how they were avoiding traps without a scout, but apparently the hero senses them all beforehand with nothing but intuition. Or it might be the enchantment on the Holy Sword or something. From what I've heard of their conversation, that possibility seems high, but it's quite an all-purpose sword, huh? Or rather, I get the feeling that it's already gone beyond the category of "weapons".

As expected of a high level party, perhaps I should say, even the attacks by the monsters whose numbers I increased were easily driven back. The skeleton lords were cut down by Arc's Holy Sword, the black steel golems's metal fists were blocked by Zio's shield too. The wraiths were blown away by the flames and blizzard that Frey shot out, and even the chaos elementals were purified by the light magic that Widdi fired.

Although the hero party wasn't completely uninjured, they progressed smoothly through the dungeon without any major injuries, and it took them roughly 2~3 hours to conquer each floor. Right now they've reached as far as the 7th floor, but since it's already basically night time, it seemed that they were tired as you'd expect because I could see that the energy in their movements had dulled. In particular, the female members who were the rear guard with low stamina were tottering enough that it seemed like they would collapse.

No, if you look carefully, only the hero seemed to still be fine. I can't tell if it's the enchantment on the Holy Sword, or if it's just how he is though.

『How 'bout we rest a little, Arc?』

Noticing that the girls were tired, in one of the wider rooms, Zio suggested this to Arc.

『Hmm, yeah. It's been already been half a day since we entered this dungeon. I had no idea that it'd be this deep, so I didn't prepare camping

gear, but let's take turns sleeping and guarding.』

At Arc's words, Frey and Widdi sat down, deeply relieved.

『I-, I'm saved.』

『...Hah... Hii...』

When it came to Widdi, it seems that she couldn't even speak.

Even if they get through a floor every two hours, it means that they'll take more than two dayss to get to the 27th floor where I am. Without having expected and prepared camping equipment beforehand, conquering this dungeon will probably be tough. Considering that, it doesn't look like they'll be conquering the dungeon on this run. I was a little relieved.

Also, this is completely off topic, but I decided to place a toilet in the room of each floor. They were the first people to explore the dungeon for very long, so I hadn't noticed this problem.

Thanks to that, I caught sight of the horrible scene of the blonde ikemen hero doing his business... I'll say it just in case, but I didn't peep through the gaps in my fingers or anything like that.

It was even graver when it came to the women; seeing the bishoujo nun tell the party with a bright red face, close to tears, that she had to use the bathroom really made me sympathise with her, so I made the decision to create the toilets. Their chatter during their break pissed me off, but even so, the feelings of sympathy as another woman won out.

A dungeon this kind doesn't exist anywhere else, you know?

For now, they probably won't be moving until morning, so I decided to sleep as well.

Chapter 14: Natural Enemy

An ishibitsu is a Japanese funerary urn made of stone. They've been around for at least a millenium.

*

When the day broke, I put on the robe that I had draped around my body, and headed to the bathroom. For now, since the forced equipping doesn't happen as long as I'm touching it, when I go to bed, I drape the robe around me in place of a blanket.

After washing my face and getting rid of my drowsiness, I headed to the dining area that was part of the kitchen, and found that Tena was already in there preparing breakfast.

“Morning.”

“Ah-, good morning, Anri-sama.”

When I called out to her, she replied back energetically.

When I sat at the dining table, my breakfast was carried over to me in an instant. Toasted bread and fried egg with salad and soup; a healthy breakfast. If I had to be greedy, then I'd have liked a Japanese-style breakfast, but since there's no rice nor miso, even demanding it wouldn't help.

Tena set down the same meal on the other side of the table, and then sat down as well. Because she kept firmly refusing, it took quite a bit of effort to get her to eat with me, but now its basically how we spend every breakfast. I'm not a noble, so it's tough on me to have somebody stand behind me while I eat breakfast by myself.

“Itadakimasu.”

“Itadakimasu.”

Nomnom, yummy. It's a simple meal, but Tena's cooking is generally delicious. I've decided not to ask Tena yet what her life in the village was like, but judging from her personality, she probably earnestly helped her

parents.

“Speaking of which,”

“Yes? What is it?”

“Does ‘Sacred Goddess Sophia’ ring any bells?”

“Sacred Goddess-sama? Well, of course, but...”

When I gave that question a try while eating, I found out that apparently, the deity worshipped in the standard religion for this world, the Sacred Light Faith, was the Sacred Goddess in question. She was apparently the deity that created this world, fights against the Evil God as the Goddess of Light, and guides the people through divine protection and divine revelations. Those who receive particularly strong divine protection become heroes, and becomes those that defeat the Demon King, the being born from the Evil God to bring calamity to humanity.

“U-, Um... of course I swear loyalty, to you, Anri-sama! Sacred Goddess-sa-, I mean, the Sacred Goddess means nothing to me!”

“I don’t really mind if you just keep calling her Sacred Goddess-sama.”

Perhaps because she misunderstood my silence while I was thinking, but Tena followed up on her words in a fluster. Although it was the cost of saving her life, I did give something like the divine protection of an evil god to Tena, so I had decided that I needed to tell her that the power came from an evil god, and did so. I left out the part about coming from another world, though.

Only, unfortunately I’m just a human who was given too much power by an evil god, so it’s not like I’m particularly opposed to Sacred Goddess-sama or anything, and as long as it doesn’t harm me, I’d rather her try her best to beat the crap out of that evil god, really.

“Do you know anything about the Hero?”

“Hero-sa-... I mean, the Hero? I’ve heard that the Hero is a special person who’s received divine protection, and fights with the Demon King to defeat him. Also, if I remember correctly, when Obaachan’s Okaasan

was a child, there was a great celebration across the nation because the Hero had defeated the Demon King.”

Eh? The Demon King has already been subjugated?

I don’t know about the average lifespan in this world, but I think that Tena’s great-grandmother being a child was fifty years ago at the very least. Going by his age, the Hero that’s invading this dungeon should be a different person. In that case, why was he given divine protection? Could it be that there’s another Demon King?

“Are there lots of Demon Kings?”

“No, at the very least, I have only heard of one. Only, the priest that came to the village to teach us said that even if the Demon King is defeated, he eventually revives.”

I see, the Demon King defeated 50 years ago has revived, and to defeat that, the [current] Hero Arc was chosen to face him?

“Do you know where the Demon King is?”

“I don’t. People say that in the Demon Race Territory, there’s a Demon King Castle, and he’s in there.”

“Demon Race Territory?”

“Ah-, yes. The western part of this continent is controlled by the demon race. The eastern side are divided into a number of human countries, but they say that all of the Demon Race Territory is controlled by the Demon King.”

After that, once I asked in more detail, I found that Riemel apparently belonged to the Kingdom of Fortera, and was right in the middle of the continent. Being in the middle of the continent has a nice ring to it, but if the east and west are divided up between the human race and demon race, then being in the middle makes it the front lines. I wonder if on the way to the Demon King, the Hero party heard about this dungeon and dropped by here.

Or more like, I wish they would avoid detours like this and just go fight

the Demon King already. Hurry up and go.



After finishing breakfast, I asked for just some red tea from Tena who had begun washing the dishes, and holding my tea cup, I headed to the office.

When I checked the screen, I found that the Hero Party had already packed up their simple camp, and begun exploring again. The floor they're on right now is the 7th floor, so if they progress smoothly, I expect that they'll make it to the 10th floor room that the No Life King is protecting in the evening.

Honestly, as a fighting amateur, I have no idea who's stronger, but if my boss loses, I'll have a lot I'll need to think about.

Since they thought that this dungeon would have less floors, they came in here unprepared and I don't think they'll make it to where I am, but next time they'll probably come to conquer this place, completely prepared. It won't matter if they can't win against the No Life King, but if it seems that they can beat him, then the chance that they'll reach me eventually is high.

I'll need to come up with various measures before they arrive here the next time. Uneffected by my nervous surveillance of them, they steadily made their way through the dungeon.



The Hero party who had arrived at the 10th floor following my expectations were, contrary to expectations, stuck before the 10th floor boss room. What they were tilting their heads in thought about was the puzzle pedestal that I had installed there for aesthetics' sake.

『Thee who wouldst come in challenge before the throne of the undying one, arrange correctly the stars.』 huh? Just what the heck could it mean?』

『There are many undead in this dungeon, so I believe that the "Undying One" refers to the boss of this dungeon.』

Widdi replied to the puzzled looking Zio.

Right right, having you think that makes me really happy. And having you go home satisfied after defeating the No Life King would make me even happier.

『I see. Then in other words, if we want to fight the dungeon master, then we have to “arrange correctly the skies”, huh? I wonder what “arrange correctly the skies” means.』

『They probably mean the celestial bodies, huh? I think that’s what these marks on the pedestal represent.』

Ah-, speaking of which, I had the symbols for the sun, moon, and stars, but I didn’t think about whether or not that would translate properly in this world.

Well, they did guess that it referred to the celestial bodies, so maybe there’s no problem.

『How are we supposed to arrange these marks? ...They don’t bloody move.』

『Seems that putting mana into it doesn’t work either, huh.』

Eh? No, no, I know that you guys only have one of them, but you’ve still got one of the stone slabs, you know.

Could it be that they forgot? Or could it be that they didn’t see the marks on the slates properly?

『Arc-sama, has the guidance of the Holy Sword not given any clues?』

『Sorry, nothing really...』

『N-, No! I apologise for asking too much!』

So even that cheat-sword that even saw through traps can’t deal with this stupid puzzle, huh? I’m feeling this odd mix of relief and pity...

『Even the Holy Sword from Sacred Goddess-sama can’t do a thing? Seriously? It’s a pretty hard question, hey? As someone whose specialty is using my body, this kind of thing is a bit much for me.』

『Don't say things like that, and think together with everyone!』

Huh...? Things seriously don't look good. I put that thing there as a bonus question for aesthetics' sake, but once they butted heads with it, they got seriously stuck. Collecting the slates from around the 10th floor is annoying, but I thought solving the riddle itself would've only taken 2 seconds, but...

Hey, don't try and slash the pedestal!

It's not an ishibitsu either, so stop trying to look for a lid to take off!

Cut it out, meatheads!

『It's not good. I haven't the tiniest idea how to get the dungeon master to come out. I thought this place would be a shallow dungeon, so we didn't prepare enough. It's frustrating, but let's withdraw for now.』

『T-, To withdraw right before the dungeon master...-!』

Eh-? There's no way you'll come all the way here only to go home without fighting the boss, right?

It'll trouble me too in various ways if I don't find out if you guys or the No Life King are stronger.

Hey-, wait! Don't seriously go home!

At least put back the slab you took, you thieves!

Chapter 15: Last Boss Battle

Another few days have passed since the shiver-inducing hero party invasion.

Their actions which betrayed my expectations in an odd way, and the anti-climax coupled with the tension gave me an intense sense of wasted energy. To damage the dungeon master without even fighting... The Hero is fearsome.

Those muscleheads can just stay as hero(lol)es.

But there's one thing that I realised.

In my old world, solving puzzles in dungeons was a matter of course, but in this world, that isn't the case. I unexpectedly drove off the hero party, but thinking about it, the dungeon's level of difficulty rising means that the level of my safety rises, so it's something I should welcome.

And so, I've decided to try remodelling the 11th to 20th floors by adding puzzles and gimmicks.

While recalling the tricks in an RPG I played long ago and using it as reference, I gave adding in various things a try. Quizzes, moving floors, rotating floors, rail carts, switches that you need to press in order, places where you need to fall into the hole on purpose or you won't progress, invisible floors, 2 containers that you have to balance the water levels for, corridors that will infinitely send you back to the start unless you follow a certain path...

Mn, I might have gone a bit over the top. Well, it is something I'm betting my life on, so there's probably no need to hold back. At the very least, that Hero Party probably won't reach the bottom floor for their entire lives.

Ah-, of course I've replaced the stolen stone slabs too.

Just as I finished remodelling, feeling satisfied, the sound of the alarm resounded in my ears.

Another person has gotten to the 4th floor... Wai-, it couldn't be that

the Hero Party is already back, could it?

Thinking that, I looked at the screen, when I found that a beautiful girl with long silver hair flowing behind her was reflected on the screen. The girl who wore a red outfit that gave the impression of being a mix of a dress and a set of armour wasn't using a sword, and instead ripping apart black iron golems with her bare hands.

Name: Leonora Romariel

Race: Demon Race

Sex: Female

Age: 16

Job: Magic Boxer

Level: 24

Title: Demon King Successor

"Demon King...?"

First the Hero, now the Demon King!? Is this dungeon cursed or something? Wai-, looking carefully, it wasn't "Demon King" but "Demon King Successor". Since it's a successor, could she be his daughter or something?

It's my first time seeing somebody from the demon race, but ignoring the fact that she's an incredible bishoujo, there's no difference with humans appearance-wise. But that power is on a different level. So far there have been other intruders of her level, but however you look at it, she seems even stronger than the Hero Party from the other day.

It seems that for a level, each race has their own strength, and it seems that even on the same level, their strength can differ based on their race. To begin with, a person who can make it to the 4th floor by themselves is totally estranged from the human level 20s.

Terrifyingly, she's erasing the wraiths with her bare hands even though physical attacks shouldn't work on them... Wai-, that's impossible.

Ah, could it be that she's attacking with mana clad around her hands? In that case, I can assent to her being able to touch a spirit. Either way, it's not the act of a human though.

『Hmph, is this it?』

Miss Leonora muttered to herself as she dusted her hands against her dress armour. Seeing that majestic and dignified attitude of hers, if it wasn't for the fact that I saw her 'Demon King's Successor' title, I might have mistaken her for a battle maiden.

『Going from just this, it seems that this dungeon master that calls themselves the Evil God isn't a big deal, huh. Before long I'll reach them and beat them down, and make them regret picking a fight with our demon race.』

Pardon?

It seems that I'm getting some incredible hatred for something I have no idea about. Call myself the Evil God? When did I do something like that? She's the first demon I've ever met, so there's no way I have any memory of picking a fight with them.

Unaffected by my confusion, she found the stairs that led to the 5th floor and continued down.



The energy she had in advancing was incredible, and she made way downwards at the incredible speed of 1 floor an hour. All the monsters she met on the way were destroyed with just one blow as well, and she didn't slow down at all.

I hadn't even imagined that somebody would hit the 10th floor today.

『Hmhmpf, did you think a child's game like this could stop me?』

Unlike a certain Hero(lol), she cleared the 10th floor pedestal puzzle. Hmm, what's with this? Even though she broke through my puzzle, I want to thank her.

Let's not mention that it made her agonise for close to an hour.

Upon putting the 3 stone slabs into the pedestal, the wall in front of her split into 2 halves, and opened the way to the audience hall.

『So it is finally time to meet you.』

Miss Leonora stepped into the audience room without hesitation. At the end of the luxurious red carpet lay an elevated throne, upon which sat the King of the Undead.

『Welcome, my guest. You are the first one to have reached here.』

『I see. So you're the No Life King mentioned on the pedestal? It seems that you have what it takes to be arrogant, huh.』

To Miss Leonora who was standing right in front of the throne and gazing at him, the No Life King spoke to her magnanimously. This was the first time that Miss Leonora looked nervous.

『Indeed, the one before you is the one who governs many retainers, the King of the Undead. Even in the face of a Demon King, I have no intention of kneeling.』

『It seems that you know what I am. I originally planned on just beating you down, but I've changed my mind. You can just quit being a dungeon master, and serve I who will one day inherit the throne.』

『I said that I would not kneel. Do not push your luck, lass.』

Despite speaking quietly, the tension between the two reached its climax.

『Then I'll make you submit by force!』

『Come. Adding the daughter of a demon king to my retainers would also be amusing!』

The air of tension that had continually built up was ripped apart when the two fired their magic, and a fierce battle began.



The battle was fierce to the extreme.

When the No Life King shot darkness bullets, Miss Leonora dodged

them, and when Miss Leonora let out flames to occupy him, the No Life King used his summoned zombies and skeletons as a shield. High level undead like dullahans and spectres were also summoned and surrounded Miss Leonora, but with mana wrapped around her hands, dense enough that it was visible, she mowed them down without hesitation.

It looked like Miss Leonora had the upper hand, but as the battle dragged on, that situation changed. The No Life King and his retainers weren't living so they didn't get tired, but even if Leonora was a demon, she was still alive, meaning that she had a limit to her stamina and a long fight was something she ought to avoid.

When there was a gap in her concentration because she was out of breath, one of the dullahan's arms that had been cut off grabbed her ankle. Because of the unexpected hand, Miss Leonora lost her balance and fell diagonally. The No Life King who excelled at coordinating with his retainers did not overlook this opening, and fired the largest darkness bullet thus far at Miss Leonora.

Because she was on the ground, Miss Leonora couldn't avoid it, and being hit dead on she was sent flying for almost 10 metres before hitting the ground.

『Gu... Uu...』

『It seems that this is as far as you go.』

Perhaps to confirm his victory, the No Life King leisurely walked towards Miss Leonora, who was lying face down in agony.

『Gotcha!』

However, perhaps her laying down was an act, because the moment the No Life King entered her range, Miss Leonora raised her body and created a flame at her hand.

『Hmph, cease your futile... What!?』

Although he was in her range, he probably could have dealt with any number of spells created in desperation. However, Miss Leonora exploded the flame magic that fired from her hand on purpose. The out-of-control

flame burnt even her own right arm.

She jumped towards the No Life King who was frozen from the shock, and with her fist still wrapped in flame, she hit him.

『Take this!』

『I-, Impossi... ble...』

Unable to react to the unexpected attack, the No Life King suffered a direct hit to his chest. The high-pitched sound of his bones breaking rang out, and on top of that, the flames that clad Miss Leonora's arms lit up the robe he was wearing.

The No Life King fell backwards, but Miss Leonora who had staked everything on that one punch collapsed forward as well. Laying on the ground, she somehow managed to succeed in putting on the fire on her arm.

『Hur-... -!』

It seemed that pain shot through her because she stifled a scream as she got up. Even speaking conservatively, with wounds all over and a heavily burnt right arm, you'd be right in saying that she was battered, but even so, she was dignified and beautiful.

Miss Leonora walked towards the No Life King burning on the ground, and looked down on him. The undead around her had also crumbled because of their lord's defeat.

『To think that you burned yourself to defeat me. You're a mad girl.』

『As if I did this because I wanted to. I planned on making you submit without destroying you, but I didn't have that leisure. You can feel proud for having driven me this far, O King of the Undead.』

『Haughty to the end, you are... Well... that's fine... ...n... ri... sa... ...apo... gies...』

The No Life King eventually crumbled away, and only his crown fell to the ground, but that too eventually became dust.

Miss Leonora quietly overlooked it.

The next moment, the sound of applause rang out through the throne room.

Chapter 16: Filing for Reparations

Hearing the sound of applause ring throughout the throne room, Miss Leonora snapped around, turning her gaze towards the source—towards the throne. On the throne that the No Life King had been sitting on earlier was an eerie patchwork doll.

Well, it's a doll made by me though, since I had the time.

I tried making it with Tena as the model, but for some reason I've always been bad at sewing, so it didn't come out the way I wanted. I tried getting Tena to have a little look to see what she thought of it, but I seriously made her cry. Was it that big of a shock that a doll like that was based on her, or was it simply because she was afraid of it? I still don't know.

I thought about throwing it away... or rather, I did throw it away, and countless times too, but it'd return before I knew it. Mn, seems like it's cursed. It's because it took me an hour to make it, so I accidentally enchanted it.

I used teleport to place it on the throne, but to be honest there isn't much meaning to the doll. I apparently earned the girl's resentment sometime somewhere, so I wanted to try talking to her, but it was scary to meet her directly, so I decided to talk to her through the dungeon core using its voice reception system. But in that case she probably wouldn't know where to face when talking, so I left something random as both a target for speaking, and as my representative.

Once I talk to her, my existence will be revealed, but well, even in the worst case scenario, from what I can tell from the battle, if I prepare a number of No Life King level monsters, I should be able to manage somehow.

『What the hell are you?』

『I'm the dungeon master of this dungeon. The doll is just something to represent me, so there's no point in attacking it. If you want it, I'll give it to you after our talk is done.』

『You think anyone would want such an ugly doll?』

Well, that's right I guess. I'd be extremely happy if somebody took this cursed doll away though. Even if I give it away, there's a high chance that it'll come back though.

『But still, the dungeon master, you say? The No Life King from just now wasn't the lord of this place?』

『That was the 10th floor midboss.』

『I see. So the lord that the undead king obeys is you, huh? That bastard. Even though he was spouting great lines about not kneeling to even the demon king, to think that he was a dog in the end.』

A dog, huh. Besides leaving the defence of the 10th floor to him——it might have been a 'her' though——I more or less left him alone, so even now I'm not sure if we had something like a master-servant relationship.

『Well, that doesn't matter anymore. More importantly... in other words, the arrogant bastard that I'm after is you, then.』

Miss Leonora glared at the doll. Even though she was all beaten up from her deathmatch with the No Life King, that dreadful gaze of hers projected on the screen made me shiver... Not. She probably intended on glaring at me through the doll, but the camera for the dungeon core isn't in the doll but looking at her from an angle instead, so it didn't really feel like I was being glared at.

『I want to know what you're angry about.』

『Hmph, asking the obvious! I've come here to give the death penalty to the fool who calls themselves the Evil God!』

『Evil God...?』

『? Why is that what you're getting confused about? It's rumoured amongst the people in town that the Evil God lives in this dungeon, you know!』

The heck?

『You're the first person I've spoken to as a dungeon master. I have no

memory of calling myself something like the Evil God.』

『What...?』

Even if I did have the chance to give my name, I have absolutely zero intention of calling myself the Evil God. But still, I'm kind of worried about the rumour in Riemel. Why is it being spread that I'm the Evil God? But if there wasn't something to start it off, I don't think such a rumour would appear though.

『You didn't give your name?』

『Nope.』

『I-, I see...』

When I cleanly denied it, Miss Leonora started to have a cold sweat. Becoming fidgety and restless, her gaze began wandering here and there.

『In other words... it was a stubborn misunderstanding?』

When I pointed that out, she reacted with a start, and her unrest intensified. Almost like a small child frightened by their parent's scolding.

『Umm... I... you could say that there's not no chance that that's what happened, or rather...』

『The No Life King that I spent 1,000,000 mana points on.』

『Gu-... That's...』

I didn't tell a lie. I can create three each day, so it's not really a big deal though.

『Reparations.』

I don't really mind, but her reactions are interesting, so I'll try pressuring her a little. Miss Leonora groaned with a sour expression at my words.

『I-, It can't be helped... I'll make it up to you, but, what should I do?』

『Work as the 10th floor midboss in his stead.』

『Wha-!? Are you telling me to submit to you!?!』

Ah, crap. Did I get a little carried away? Just now her face turned red and showed her indignation.

『A temporary hire. It's fine even if we aren't master and servant.』

『But...』

It seems that Miss Leonora is extremely picky about master and servant relationships. I said that earlier as half a joke and want to take back my words, but if I say 'Just kidding.' at this point, she'd get angry, huh.

『...Got it.』

Mn?

『The No Life King's job. I'll do it in his place.』

Geh-, if you really did that I'd be troubled, you know?

『However! I have no intention of working under somebody whose face I've never seen! I'll only agree after meeting you directly and making a judgement! This is something I'll absolutely not budge on!』

In other words, she wants to have an interview with me? A ploy for a sneak attack...? Doesn't seem so. She seems bad at that sort of cunning. Well, once she meets me she'll probably get let down and lose her intention of obeying me. I'm level 1 after all.

『Got it. In that case—』

I'll head down now, or so I wanted to say, but she cut me off and declared with a determined expression.

『Alright, in that case I'll immediately head down to the lowest floor. Wait there for a little!』

H-, hey... Unaffected by me trying to stop her in a fluster, Miss Leonora made way into the path behind the throne. It seems that she's the type of person who becomes really hard to talk to once she's decided on something.

No matter how strong she might be, even by the quickest estimates it'll

probably take her 2 days to get down to the 31st floor. On top of that, the 11th to 20th floors are puzzle-solving floors that you can't brute force your way through, so if she gets stuck on one, it'll take forever. Do I have to keep waiting for her all that time?

Having said that though, going by how she looks, she doesn't seem like she'll listen to a thing I say at this point. It can't be helped. I'll have her continue until she feels satisfied, and once she gives up I'll give her an invitation.



Miss Leonora had managed the splendid accomplishment of reaching as far as the 10th floor in a day, but as expected, from the 11th floor onwards, she fell into a slump of 1 floor per day.

Day 1, the 11th floor quiz floor.

A floor where you'd be given 10 questions with 3 choices each, and progressed by getting them correct. If you made a mistake, you'd be forcefully sent to the beginning of the floor and forced to redo it all.

『Aahh, even though I finally got as far as 8 questions!?』

『Unfortunate. You're returning to the start.』

『YOU----!!!』

Day 2, the 12th floor moving ground floor.

When you stepped on a panel with an arrow, you'd automatically be moved that way, and flying was forbidden. Unless you carefully planned out where you'd get on, you wouldn't be able to progress like you wanted. On a game screen where you could look down from above, it was a puzzle that you'd immediately be able to figure out with just a little thinking, but it might be quite difficult once it's all spread out in front of you.

『Arghhhh, even though I could see the stairs right in front of me...-!』

『Slow and steady wins the race.』

Day 3, the 13th floor rotating floor.

It's a gimmick where the floor rotates everywhere. All of the rooms were circular and the exits were all equally spaced apart, so once you got spun around, you wouldn't know which way to go. And while you were there, if you span too much...

『...I, I veel zick.』

『As a fellow warrior[samurai], I'll shut my eyes and ears to this.』

Ah-, when was it that I said that I wasn't a samurai again? As you'd expect it was really too pitiful, so I teleported in a cup of water for her.

Day 4----

『Isn't it about time to give up?』

『D-, Don't joke with me. I-, I can still go on...』

So she said, but however you looked at it, she had lost quite a bit of spirit compared to before. Even looking on as a bystander, you could tell that her spirit was about to break.

By the way, because Miss Leonora assumed that it would be a shallow dungeon, she came in almost completely empty handed, and of course she didn't have a single ration with her. I found that I couldn't just watch her challenge the quizzes while her stomach growled, so I sent in bread and soup. On the first day, Miss Leonora was stubborn and wouldn't eat the food, but once the second day came, perhaps because she couldn't bear the hunger, she reluctantly ate.

『T-, To begin with, what's with this!? This mountain of tricks!』

『Anti-musclehead measures.』

『Who are you calling a musclehead! You, once I get to the lowest floor you're going to get a good punch!』

『I wonder if I should stop sending food.』

『Wha-!? S-, Starvation tactics are for cowards!』

I don't want to hear that from somebody who didn't bring any provisions. To begin with, there's no other dungeon that provides

reception as good as 3 meals a day, so I'd like her to be a little thankful.

『By the way, there's something I'd like to ask, but, how just many floors does this dungeon have?』

Ah-, has she finally realised? Honestly, I think she should have asked this to begin with though. Knowing how many floors there are would provide a hint on how to conquer the dungeon so I can't really make it public, but if it's just her then I guess it's fine. From our conversations so far, I can tell that she isn't the sort to spread this around after all.

『31 floors.』

『Thir...-!?』

Miss Leonora paled, speechless. Despite having advanced through the dungeon while enduring hardships, she still hadn't even reached the halfway point, so I guess it's natural. Having said that, even if the 21st to 30th floor exist, they still aren't finished yet, so the hardest part of the dungeon are the middle floors that she's on right now, but I don't think I'll tell her.

『Giving up?』

『Gu... Certainly at this rate, I can't help but agree that it'll be difficult to reach the bottom floor, but... if I don't make it to the lowest floor, I won't be able to see you, right?』

『When I spoke to you on the 10th floor, I had planned to head to where you were.』

『What!? Then, my three days of toil were...』

『It's what you reap for deciding not to listen.』

Being poked where it hurt, Miss Leonora fell into silence.

『I get it. It's frustrating, but I'll give up on getting there.』

Seeing her say that with a reluctant expression, I patted my chest in relief. It looked like conquering the 11th floor and down had amassed quite a lot of resentment, so if she made it to the bottom floor by her own strength I'd probably get beat up, so I was secretly trembling with fear.

She probably isn't shameless enough that she'd beat me even after giving up and then being invited here.

From the very beginning, I didn't intend on having her act as the midboss, but having talked to her for these three days, I know that she's a pleasant person, and I'd be happy if we could build a friendly relationship.

『Got it. I'll prepare a teleportation circle for you so get on it.』

At first I had planned on inviting her into the residential area, but just in case by some chance negotiations got violent, I decided to meet her somewhere else. Well, judging by her personality, I don't think that'll happen though.

The 30th floor boss room is just the room right now with no boss in it yet, so it's just right.

By the way, I've already deployed the 20th floor boss. I summoned a living armour made of orihalcon and tried enchanting it with divine protection while I was at it, but it turned into something brutal.

I was thinking of placing on the 30th floor a dragon that's so common to fantasy worlds, but since I was doing it anyway, I might as well make it the strongest one, I thought, so I'm saving up mana in the dungeon core right now.

Eh? Wasn't I limiting the monsters to non-living ones so that I wouldn't kill anyone, you ask? Well, heroic warriors who could make it this far will probably be fine.

...Mn? I thought that non-living monsters would be safe since they wouldn't disobey me without an ego, but when he was defeated by Miss Leonora, the No Life King spoke, didn't he? ...I wonder why.



I moved to the 30th floor and then sat down properly on the throne. Neither my personality nor clothing have any trace of dignity, so I have to try my best to look even a little more proper.

Speaking of which, I've established thrones like in the 10th floor boss room, and in the 20th and 30th as well, but thinking about it carefully, neither of the bosses are the right size to sit on a chair made for humans... They ended up being useless. Well, they're serving me like this now, so maybe they were useful after all.

While I was thinking about things, the large doors opened with a groan. The teleport circle that Miss Leonora used brought her to the room before this one, so she's properly arrived. When I turned to look at the entrance, I could see a girl with silver hair in a red armoured dress.

I waited for her to enter the room, but she showed no signs of moving at all. Could it be that she can't enter unless she's given permission? Or so I was wondering, but she eventually slowly made way into the room.

From my point of view, she was pale enough that I was worried for her, and I could see sweat was running from her face. She walked slowly and after a few minutes arrived at a place 10 metres away from me, when she stopped still. It'll be hard to talk like this, so I'd have liked her to have come closer, but well, it's not a distance that we can't hear each other, so I guess this is fine.

"Nice to meet "Please excuse my actions!" ...you?"

She suddenly dogeza'd at me. Speaking of which, I get the feeling that the explanation for the mystic eyes said something about being strong enough to have a demon king dogeza. A terror strong enough to make the daughter of the demon king dogeza as well... perhaps?

"Um, "I deeply apologise for my many acts of rudeness! If it's something I can do, I will do anything! So, please... please have mercy on my countrymen!" "

Why did it turn into a scene where I looked like I was going to attack the Demon Race Territory? I haven't the tiniest intention of doing that, you know.

"No, you really need to "I beg of you, please punish me alone." ...listen to me."

I got irritated at the conversation going nowhere, and unconsciously pulled out my tantou and threw it. The cursed tantou pierced right in front of her eyes, and Miss Leonora let out a voiceless scream.

“Raise your head, and stand.”

“H-, However...”

“Just do it.”

I spoke a little overbearingly and forced her to stand. Miss Leonora snapped up and stood still at attention.

“I’m not angry.”

“Eh?”

“I have no intention of punishing you either.”

“T-, Truly!?”

Miss Leonora who seemed truly relieved even had tears form at her eyes. I’m not mad at what’s happened up until now, but rather, it’s the back-and-forth we had just then that annoyed me, you know.

“And also, about the 10th floor boss...”

“R-, Right! Of course I shall carry out my duties with all my heart!”

“You don’t need to do it.”

“Pardon?”

The other day I said it half-jokingly, but if she actually did that, I’d be troubled. If the daughter of the demon king did something like work as a midboss, I’d be liable to make enemies of both the human race and the demon race. As for the 10th floor boss, I can just create a No Life King again. Or rather, after Miss Leonora continued down to the 11th floor, I’d already created a new one and deployed him already. Mysteriously he knew my name from the start, but I wonder why.

“In exchange, there’s a favour I’d like to ask.”

“W-, Whatever you would like!”

“I want you to be my friend.”

“F-, Friend...?”

It was from beyond the screen, but the three days that I spent talking to her was quite enjoyable. It’s a shame that she’s frightened because of my skill, but even so, I’d like to think that there’s room to get along enough that she won’t run away even so.

In the worst case scenario, since I already know that we can talk to each other normally once separated across the screen, both considering my feelings, as well as her position as the daughter of the demon king, if possible I’d like to get along with her.

“U-, Understood! Please allow me to humbly become your friend.”

“We’re friends, so you don’t need the keigo.”

“Unders... Got it.”

My first friend in this world, GET.

I didn’t threaten her into it.

...I didn’t, right?

*

TL Note:

“so I’ll try pressuring her a little.”

The “pressuring” is actually “repeatedly attacking with questions etc. to press her for an answer”.

Chapter 17: Girls' Talk

"Speaking of which, are you the daughter of the Demon King, Leonora?"

"Mn? Yeah, that's right. The current Demon King is my father."

I invited Leonora, who had signed the friendship contract, down to the residential area and had tea with her... after having her take a bath. She cleaned up that dirt and blood stained appearance of hers and we moved to the living room and drank the black tea that Tena brewed.

She was stiff at first, but perhaps because she gradually got used to it, we progressed to being able to call each other by the name. Only, she won't meet my eyes. It seems that the Evil God Aura has an immediate effect on beasts and monsters whose instinct is strong, but to demons and humans whose reasoning is strong, the effect is equally weak. On the other hand, the effect of the mystic eyes apparently works just fine, and when our gazes meet, she'll immediately dogeza. I wonder if I should count myself lucky just that she isn't running away. I'm paying attention so that I don't accidentally meet eyes with her.

"I heard that the Demon King revives once he dies, but is that true?"

"As if that's possible!"

I got told off.

Asking her in detail, I found out that the Demon King doesn't revive, but is apparently just passed on as a title. The previous Demon King from a few decades ago that Tena mentioned is probably Leonora's grandfather. Even when they get defeated, the next generation steps up to take their place, which is probably why weird rumours spread amongst the humans.

"If you're the Demon King's daughter, then you're the princess of the demon race... Why are you in a place like this?"

Although it's near the Demon Race Territory, this is clearly in human territory. It seems weird to me that she's here.

"The Romariel family has a custom of having the Demon King Successor go on a journey by themselves in order to become an adult. I

wasn't headed anywhere in particular, but I was thinking that I wanted to have a look once at the Human Race Territory, so I came here."

It's a custom that I've heard of someplace else. But still, to even think of being a princess who marched into enemy territory by herself, she sure has fire.

"I thought that the Demon King was in the Demon King Castle."

"No, that way of thinking isn't wrong. Because the Demon King has a lot of influence, from the moment he ascends the throne, he can't freely go out anymore. 'That's why while I'm still only a successor...' is probably one of the reasons for the custom as well."

I see. So this is also the last period where they can ignore responsibility, huh? It's like going on a trip after graduating from uni... Hm, maybe that's a little different.

"How long is your journey?"

"It isn't really fixed. I don't have any plans of coming back until I have some kind of achievement though."

"Achievement?"

"Like defeating the Hero that's the enemy of the Demon Race, or maybe winning over someone useful as an ally I guess."

I suddenly understood Leonora's circumstances, as she made an extremely displeased expression for some reason.

"Did you come to this dungeon for that reason too?"

""Gu-... That's right. I was thinking that I'd hand down punishment on the fraud Evil God, and depending on the circumstances, I'd make them into my underling."

I see. I don't know what kind of position the Evil God holds amongst the Demon Race, but at the very least, it's someone that you wouldn't be forgiven for selfishly impersonating. Having said that though, it's unbearable being attacked due to a misunderstanding even though I never called myself the Evil God, so I'd like her to do some serious reflecting.

“Then can I ask you this instead, Anri?”

I nodded to her question.

“You said that you were given that power by the Evil God, but...”

I wasn’t sure if she would believe that I came from another world etc. so I’ve kept that part from her just like Tena, but as for being a human that was given this title and these skills by an evil god, I’ve already told Leonora.

“Honestly speaking, the person himself didn’t call himself the Evil God. I’m just guessing based on the names of the title and skills.”

“Hmm...”

Leonora sank into thought about something after I replied. When I wordlessly prompted her for an explanation, she averted her eyes and began speaking.

“No, it’s not that I’m doubting your words, but... the ‘Evil God’ shouldn’t really exist.”

“? The people of Riemel and you used the term 『Evil God』. Don’t you call it that because he exists?”

“Certainly, there exists the word and concept of the Evil God. But the deity known as the Evil God doesn’t exist.”

Is this some kind of riddle? What she said “doesn’t really exist” doesn’t sound quite like she’s denying the existence of gods. It seems that Leonora said that with the belief that “gods” exist, but the “Evil God” doesn’t.

“The Evil God is an imaginary god created by the human race.”

“An imaginary god?”

That evil god was imaginary?

I actually met and talked to him though.

“Yeah. Anri, how much do you know about the gods?”

“I heard that the God of Light that created the world—Sacred Goddess

Sofia, battles against the Evil God that tries to destroy the world, and leads the people through divine protection and revelations.”

“I heard about this from the rumours, but hearing it again really is shocking.”

She’s kind of looking at me really pitifully, but she won’t look me in the eyes, so I’m just guessing through. Only, I don’t have any information source about the myths of this world except for what I heard from Tena, so I’ll be troubled if Leonora looks at me like that.

“Very well. It’s a bit of a long story, but I’ll tell you the true myths passed down in the demon race.”

It’ll apparently be a long story, so I called Tena and had her brew some more tea. Since she’s bringing it over anyway, I’ll have her listen to the story as well. I won’t be able to compare it to the myths that the humans have by myself, after all.



“The world was created by the one and only god, the Creator God.

“The Creator God created various animals as the inhabitants of the world, and finally, with the Creator God’s own form as the basis, they created humans.”

Up until here, Tena hasn’t objected and has been nodding along. There were various myths in my old world, but creation myths were all relatively similar I think.

“The human race received the favour of the Creator God, and prospered to the extreme, but that immediately reached the limit. In a world with no natural predators, there grew to be too many humans, because they couldn’t gain enough food.”

So the balance of the food chain collapsed? Without any natural predators, that seems certainly likely, but this is quite scientific for a myth.

“The Creator God gave food to the human race who entreated for help,

but at the same time, worried about the situation, the Creator God took countermeasures. They created the natural enemies of the human race in order to bring the world to harmony... the demon race.

“The demon race was born, and fulfilling its duties, it opposed and attacked the human race, decreasing their numbers. With the demon race who was stronger than humans, yet less fertile than humans, as the natural enemy of the humans, peace was born.”

“That can’t be...”

Tena was stunned at the story that was so different from the myths that she knew, but certainly, with a small-numbered strong foe standing on top, you’d get the food chain back into balance, and makes more sense than the human myths that I heard from Tena.

“However, the Creator God was tormented by their own actions. There was no choice but to torment the beloved humans for the sake of their prosperity... The result of that self-contradiction was that the Creator God split themselves into three parts. Most of their power was separated into preserving the world, while their remaining power and mind was split into two.

“The two parts of the divided mind became the God of Light and God of Darkness, and they split the things that they governed into two—the sun and the moon, the day and the night, the human race and the demon race, or so it is.”

“...”

Tena couldn’t even form words. It’s probably already quite divorced from her common sense.

“That’s the myth passed down in the demon race. Those called ‘gods’ comprise only the God of Light and God of Darkness. There is no god known as the Evil God.”

Certainly, if you take the demon race’s myths as true, then the two gods are beings born from the Creator God, and aren’t separated by good and evil, or right and wrong. The God of Darkness sounds exactly evil, but it’d

be like the Tsukuyomi-no-Mikoto in Japanese myths.

“To begin with, the ‘Sacred Goddess’ was something that the human race themselves attached to the God of Light afterwards, to strengthen the god’s authority. And for that sake, they proposed a fictitious Evil God as the enemy, and so the God of Light ended up fighting against it.”

“Couldn’t they have just had the God of Light fight the God of Darkness?”

“It’s just a guess, but I think that as you’d expect, they didn’t have the guts to go against the God of Darkness himself.”

“Um, excuse me, I heard that the Evil God that the Sacred Goddess battled against governed darkness, but...”

“Ahh, it’s obvious that if they didn’t clearly say anything, the idea that the Evil God was the god of darkness would come up. That’s why the demon race finds both the words ‘evil god’ and the worship of the Evil God something detestable.”

I see. So they hate it because it’s something that shows contempt for the God of Darkness that they worship. Is that why Leonora was going to punish the swindler who called himself the Evil God?

But there’s something she said that’s been on my mind.

“They worship the Evil God? Even though it’s fictional?”

“It’s fictional, but only a handful of humans know that, even though it’s something that the human race created. Even if it’s a fictitious story, as long as the people up top spread it around, it’s natural that people will think of it as the truth. It’s a weird fact, but there are apparently humans who worship the Evil God in earnest, you know.”

There were Satanic cults and demon worship in my old world too, so I guess there’s nothing weird about such people existing.

I can’t sympathise though.

“I understand what the Evil God is now. I don’t know what the guy I met was, though...”

“Yeah. Even if we debate it now, it won’t be anything but a guess.”

For now, I’ll just think of that evil god as the Evil God(?).

“I understand about the God of Light and God of Darkness, but what about the Hero and Demon King?”

“The Demon King is a being that the God of Darkness brought forth to lead the demon race. And the ones brought forth by the God of Light for the sake of the humans afraid of the Demon King threat, are called the Heroes.”

Isn’t this putting the cart before the horse?

According to what I’ve heard, the threat of the Demon King is someone who plays a key role in making sure that humans don’t increase too much, so it’s supposed to be problematic if you eliminate the threat.

Perhaps sensing my doubt, Leonora gave a bitter smile as she began to continue.

“I know what you want to say. If the Demon King or demon race are defeated, then they’re right back where they started, and in that respect, the Creator God’s goal and God of Light’s actions create a contradiction. By separating from the God of Darkness, the God of Light specialises in favouring the humans after all, so that’s why things ended up the way they are.”

“I see. Then what does the demon race think of the Hero?”

From the demon race’s point of view, even though they’re attacking humans to carry out the role given to them by god, god’s underling ends up attacking them, so if you had to ask if it was unreasonable or not, then it was unreasonable.

“The God of Light’s wishes don’t matter. To us, the only god we worship is the God of Darkness, after all. The opinion of the demon races is that the Hero is just a strong opponent.”

“I see. Speaking of the Hero, they came to this dungeon the other day.”

“What? What were they like?”

I told Leonora about the Hero(lol) party that invaded this dungeon the other day. When I told her that they were muscle-brains that ran away even though they came as far as the 10th floor, she held her sides, bursting into laughter.

“Pff-, ku-ku-ku... T-, They got depressed over that puzzle and gave up, going home? ...AHAHAHAHAHA-!”

“It looked like the even the Holy Sword’s guidance couldn’t solve the puzzle.”

“I-, I’m begging you, don’t make me laugh any more... M-, My sides are splitting... I-, It hurts... ku-ku-ku...-!!!”

Seeing her continue to laugh in tears, I started to feel like a little mischief.

“You were stumped for an hour too, though.”

“PFFT-!? Y-, You were watching!?”

The moment I commented, Leonora turned shocked and bright red, and averted her eyes. What she was ridiculing the Hero(lol) Party for came back like a boomerang and pierced her.

“F-, From what I hear, that Hero seems to be an Orthodox Hero, huh.”

Ah. She’s trying to distract me. I could poke at her some more, but her words have me wondering, so I’ll leave it for now.

“What’s an Orthodox Hero? Are there different types of Heroes too?”

“Yeah, it’s a classification that our demon side came up with. Has that made the idea unfamiliar to the humans? Amongst the demon race, those called Heroes amongst the public are separated into three types. The people of this world who gain the divine protection of the God of Light are the Orthodox Heroes, the ones summoned from another world are the Summoned Heroes, and the ones who arbitrarily declare themselves heroes are the Self-Proclaimed Heroes. From least to most troublesome, you have the Summoned Heroes, the Orthodox Heroes, and the Self-Proclaimed Heroes.”

Are Other World Summonings something that happens often? Or maybe there are other people in this world that are in the same situation as me. I don't have any intent of going out of my way to find them, but if we met by chance, it'd be nice to have a chat, huh.

But still, isn't the order that Leonora gave kind of strange?

"You didn't get the order wrong? The Self-Proclaimed Hero sounds the weakest, but..."

'Yeah, they are. Hm, if you arrange it from strongest to weakest, it's still Summoned Hero, Orthodox Hero, Self-Proclaimed Hero. The chance that someone summoned from another world has powerful skills is high, so there are lots of them that are stronger than Orthodox Heroes."

So it's normal even in this world that summoned people have OP skills, huh? Speaking of OP skills, mine probably count in a way, but... honestly speaking, I'd like to pass them over to someone else.

"Then why is the Self-Proclaimed Hero the most annoying one?"

"Even though they're weak, they pop up one after another without end. What's more, most of them aren't much different from hoodlums, you know? Going around killing, raping, stealing as they please, they're no different than bandits. They're the highest priority target amongst we demons."

Ahh, I guess it makes sense that self-alleged heroes with no qualifications would be massive attention seekers and self-centred, huh.

"I see. Then what about Summoned Heroes being the easiest to deal with?"

"They have powerful skills so when you fight them they're strong, but to begin with they're not people from this world, after all, so they don't have much reason to fight. Most of the time you can avoid them by using their weak point, or by winning them over. There's even the statistics that when the Demon King is a woman, or when they have a little sister or daughter, the Hero changes sides over 80% of the time."

...That's terrible.

But well, I guess people who'll agree after being suddenly kidnapped and told to fight would be in the minority, huh.



“By the way, I have a request.”

“Mn? What?”

Now that we've finished discussing the basics of the Heroes, I remembered that there was something I wanted to ask of her.

“Please teach magic to Tena and I.”

Since I've already made friends with somebody who seems like they'd be able to use darkness magic, I'd like to take this chance to have her teach us. Both Tena and I only have the skill without any knowledge, so it was just pearls thrown before swine. To give an example, it's like somebody with pro baseball level batting skills, but zero knowledge of the game, I guess.

If darkness magic was also like the dungeon master skills in that I could just use it somehow, things would be a lot easier, but it seems that not everything can go so well. Or it could be that being able to just somehow use dungeon related abilities isn't because of the skills, but because of my title.

“It's not as if I won't teach you, but darkness magic is specific to the demon race, you know? You are technically humans, aren't you?”

That “technically” was unnecessary.

“It's fine. We have the skills.”

“What? Ah, is that also a skill that the 『Evil God』 gave you? Then fine, I don't mind.”

Alright! Instructor, GET.

With this, I too make my debut as a mahou shoujo; Jashin Shoujo Terrible Anri starts n... ever.

I don't think I'll have a chance to use magic in the future either, but

there's probably no loss in learning it for self-defence when the time comes. If I had to say, then rather than me who's a hikikomori, it's more necessary to Tena who goes out to town, though.

*
...

*
...

*
...

What's more, three hours later, that Leonora ended up sitting on the floor, hugging her knees with a distant look is not my fault.

“I-, I even lost to Tena...”

“Umm, I'm sorry?”

“That's okay.”

A student is someone who's supposed to surpass their teacher, you know. Well, we only beat her in magic though.

Chapter 18: Mad Feast

I've turned the entrance part of the dungeon into a fairly large hall. Because it's also the place that I chuck all the unconscious adventurers of all the other floors to, I've made it into a place with extra room. Enough room that people could hold a bit of a gathering there. When you add on the fact that monsters can't enter the room with the entrance, as well as the fact that there would be nobody reckless enough to go out of their way to come to a dungeon at night, it means deep in the night, that there wouldn't be anyone to get in your way.

...But that doesn't mean you can hold your damned sabbaths here.



Leonora who had become my friend the other day promised to visit again before continuing her journey, but the rumour she heard in Riemel—that the Evil God was living in this dungeon—was on my mind, so I had Tena head to town to investigate.

The result was that I discovered that there were two sources to that rumour.

The first was 1~2 months ago, when around the time that the dungeon transformed, there was an attack on a church belonging to the Sacred Light Church. In the middle of broad daylight, some being attacked the church, easily broke through the barrier that should have repelled evil, and then left with a sneer.

The second was a certain piece of equipment found in this dungeon. The sword blessed by the Evil God contained a terrifying curse and power, and was guessed to have been directly enchanted by the Evil God.

Because of these two facts, a rumour about the Evil God living in this dungeon began to be spread.

...I have no idea what those two incidents are about. Absolutely no idea, I said.

I don't know how far the rumour's spread, but at the very least, it's apparently been spread enough that Evil God worshippers have gathered in large numbers. This is something that I'm realising keenly enough that I'm getting a headache because of what I'm seeing on screen.

There was a bonfire lit in the middle of the room, and what's more, I don't know where they brought it from, but oddly they have a large cauldron on top of it. There was a suspicious liquid boiling inside the cauldron, and it was surrounded by a faint pink smoke. I'm seeing this through a screen so I don't know how it smells, but it isn't hard to imagine that there's a strong odour spread throughout that room.

Surrounding the bonfire were close to a hundred people looking the way they did when they were brought into this world, and displaying shameful behaviour. There were those dancing madly with all their heart, as well as those embracing each other and indulging in each others' bodies nearby. Perhaps the smoke that's filling the room is some sort of drug, but everyone seems to be in ecstasy.

Truly a mad frenzy of a feast, befitting of being called a black sabbath. It definitely doesn't feel like I can stay sane watching this scene, but as the master of this dungeon, I have to properly observe them. I'm definitely not peeking on them because I'm hugely curious.

As the feast went on, their excitement grew even further, until it finally reached the climax. Amongst the screams, only one person remained clothed and stepped forward into the centre of the room.

He was a young blonde man, who looked to be in the early half of his 20s, and with a handsome face, was clad in a priest's outfit. When he stood in front of the cauldron, he raised his right hand before the followers before him. That moment, the frenzied feast stopped all at once, and a tense silence filled the room.

『We now begin the ritual of offerings!』

To the young priest's voice, shouts of joy that surpassed even the feast thus far spread through the room as though tearing apart the silence. In the midst of this abnormal atmosphere, four large men carried forth a

stone table, and placed it before the young priest.

Since they said 'offerings', are they going to perform a sacrificial ritual? Usually goats are sacrificed, right?

Judging from the atmosphere I can see on screen, I'm getting a bad feeling, though.

As though confirming my premonitions, what they brought forth was a girl of about 8 years old, dressed in a plain outfit. With chestnut hair that reached her shoulders, the girl had her hands bound before her, and a gag stuffed in her mouth, and was being forcefully brought out in front of them.

And then, perhaps realising that she was going to be attacked, with tears in her eyes she frantically tried to resist, but it was just the strength of a young child after all, and she could only offer a meagre resistance.

When she was brought to the stone altar, she was stripped of what she was wearing, and with her hands pulled out above her head, her hands and legs were bound and fixed to the altar by a rope that ran along under it.

『Nnnnnn-----!!』

The girl tried to kick and struggle, but the rope tightly stopped her, and the best she could do was twist her body a little. While looking down at the girl, the young priest brought out a dagger from his pocket. To that deadly weapon that glinted in the light, the girl shook her head as though saying no, no, but there was nobody there that cared.

『O god of ours, please accept our humble offering.』

Having said that, the young priest aimed the overhead dagger at the girl's heart, and unwaveringly brought it down, and... wai-, that's no joke!

I was being overwhelmed by this unreal spectacle, but suddenly coming back to my senses, I flusteredly activated the transfer circle above the altar, and teleported the girl to where I was. After an instant of light, the bound and gagged girl was lying down in front of me.

It was some pretty close timing so, feeling worried, I checked how the girl was, but there was no blood coming out of that young chest of hers. I was touching the centre of her chest to check it out, but perhaps because of the fear of almost being killed, her heart was currently pounding away. However, I could at least feel a definite heartbeat.

It seems that I made it in time.

..*

While I was feeling relieved, the high pitched sound of something breaking reached my ears.

Wondering what it was, I turned around, and what reached my eyes was Tena standing at the entrance to the room, and fragments of porcelain scattered by her feet. It seems that Tena had intended on bringing me tea, but accidentally dropped and broke the tea set. I was going to tell her to clean it up seeing as she showed no signs of moving for some reason, but seeing the expression on her face made me swallow my words.

“A-, Anri-sama...”

Shock, anger, grief, despair... with an expression filled with those mixed emotions, she was looking my way, stiffened up. I have no intention of scolding her that badly just for breaking a tea set though.

“W-, Wh-, Who is that child...?”

Her words reminded me that it wasn't just me in her gaze, and that she was looking at the little girl who was the other person in the room. Seeing the girl who was looking up at me with tearful eyes and a terrified expression, I suddenly and calmly came back to myself, and tried looking at our situation from an objective point of view.

A little girl of about 8 years old was stripped nude, with her hands and feet bound and her mouth gagged with tears in her eyes.

And seemingly looming over that girl was I, who was touching her slim chest.

I-, It's a pervert... Wai-, that's wrong!

Having understood how I looked, I tried to explain to Tena in a fluster, and turned towards her.

“I can expla-...”

“—— -!”

Before I could call out to her, Tena burst out of the room in tears.

Wai-, stop. Don’t run.

At least tidy up the broken tea set.



It’s become quite a headache. If I don’t properly explain things to Tena later, it’ll become a fixed impression that not only am I into other women, I have a preference for little girls. I also have to do something about this girl that’s bound and lying on the floor.

But what I really need to urgently deal with before anything else, is the sabbath with the vanished sacrifice. Because it was something I did in the spur of the moment, I have to fix it up somehow. What’s more, I don’t want something like this to happen again either, so I need to do something about that as well.

And so, I’ll be undoing your bindings later, but sorry, I’ll need to have you lying on the ground for a little longer, girl.

When I looked at the screen, the followers were naturally in a great uproar about the sacrifice that disappeared the instant it was killed. There were also people who were terrified because of this unforeseen incident happening during a holy ritual. But when the young priest with the dagger turned around and raised his hand, the uproar quieted down.

『Have you all not seen it yourself!? Our god has accepted our humble offering.』

After the followers quieted down for an instant, they raised an explosive cheer. After the young priest gave a satisfied nod, he turned back to the altar and waited there silently. He was probably thinking that the god they worshipped would show a response, and was continuing to wait

there, hoping for a reaction.

In this situation, it'll get troublesome if I don't respond, huh? I really just want to ignore this and go to sleep, but if I do that, I can't predict what these guys will do.

Now then, what should I do? After having snatched the girl myself, I doubt they'd listen if I told them at this point that I didn't need sacrifices after all, and if I gave the girl back, she'd probably be killed. Having said that though, if I praise them well done, then the possibility that they'll continue to do this from now on is high.

『...Untasty.』

After thinking about it, I decided to compromise. It's a tactic where I tell them that I didn't like the sacrifice they gave me, and next time to bring something else.

Ah-, I forgot to use the cursed Tena doll. Well, I guess that's fine this time.

『Eh-? Ah-... Please excuse us! Umm, did it not suit your esteemed palate?』

『Humans, demons, unpalatable. Oxen, pigs, chickens, goats—animals recommended.』

『U-, Understood! U-, Um... I am truly sorry to trouble you, but is there no mistake in that you are our god?』

Perhaps they felt something wrong with my lack of Evil God-ness, but it seems they were doubting me a little. But telling me to play the Evil God well is unreasonable, so I hope they'll cut me some slack on that.

『Indeed.』

『Oohhh! Receiving your words is the acme of honour!』

『Although it did not suit my palate, it is true that you have done me service with your offering. As such, I bestow this staff.』

I enchanted a staff that I got from a mage that invaded, and teleported it atop the altar in front of the young priest. I'm a fake Evil God, but the

enchantment is the real thing, so I can probably dodge most of the suspicion if I hand this over.

『T-, This is!? T-, To think that I would be granted a divine weapon-!』

After the young priest reverently picked up the staff that I left on the altar, first he was shocked, then he cried tears of joy.

『Continue to be zealous in your faith.』

『Understood-!』

Seeing the young priest bow deeply beyond the screen, I felt relieved at having somehow dealt with it. I saw onscreen that the young priest had held up the staff and was giving a speech to the followers, but I don't care anymore.

Even if this happens again, they'll just be sending me food, so I'll just think of this as a good bargain.

...*

I've dealt with the issue of the sabbath now, so I undid the bindings on the girl who was still lying on the floor. I was wondering why she was so silent, but apparently she had passed out from the terror. I think she was still conscious when she was teleported in here, but I wonder when she fainted.

While wondering about this, Tena who had burst out from the room earlier entered the office.

“.....”

“Tena?”

Wondering what was up since Tena showed no signs of moving, I called out to her when with a determined expression, she suddenly took off the miko outfit that she was wearing. Stripped down to her underwear, amongst the youthfulness of her age, was just the slightest hint of seductiveness.

Perhaps because she was shy, that white skin of hers, illuminated by the lamp in the room, was tinged faintly red.

“Um... Anri-sama. If you really want to no matter what, then I...”

Hearing her words, I unconsciously stretched my hand towards her—

...*

—and shot her in the face with a darkness bullet.

I'm straight. There's no sign of any men around me though.



After having returned to her senses, Tena cleaned up the broken tea set and taken some basic care of the girl, I explained to her what happened and somehow managed to resolve her misunderstanding. Having properly understood the situation, Tena turned bright red and apologised, but I won't forgive her.

I do think that her misunderstanding couldn't be helped given the scene that she saw, but I'm not happy with how she acted afterwards, so I've decided not to let her off so easily, and punish her instead.

Even if I say punishment, it's not like it'll be anything weird; I'm just going to have her sit in seiza for an hour. Is that all? you might think, but to people of this world who aren't used to seiza, staying in that unfamiliar posture should be quite a tough punishment. As proof of that, after an hour passed, her legs were numb enough that she couldn't stand, and she was suffering on the ground.

Seeing this made me feel a little mischievous, so I lightly poked at Tena's leg.

“Hii-!?”

Tena gave a sensitive response as her upper body jumped up, but apparently moving her body made her numb legs tingle, so she writhed about like a caterpillar. Deeply impressed by this wonderful reaction, I continued to poke at Tena who was trying to escape.

-poke poke-

“Ah-! ...Sto-! ...Y-, You can't! ...Please don't poke mee!”

-poke poke- ...This is kind of fun.

*
...

“And so, what will you do with that girl?”

Perhaps because the numbness had finally gone, Tena was standing up now, but her face was still tinged red, and her eyes were oddly teary. Because of her reaction I accidentally got into teasing her, but if I do it any more I think she'll dislike me for real, so I'll stop it here.

By ‘girl’, she was probably referring to the sacrificial girl that she had taken care of just a while ago. Tena gave her a bath and a change of clothes, and she was now sleeping on a bed in the bedroom.

“I’ll return her to her parents.”

Obviously. I don’t know where they abducted this girl from, but considering both the issue of proper morals and the issue of avoiding troublesome things, returning her to her parents should be the best answer.

“But, that girl seems to be a slave...”

I unconsciously froze at Tena’s words.

“Slave?”

“Yes. She was wearing a collar.”

She was wearing, a collar? I was in a rush, so I don’t remember it well. But now that you mention it, I do get the feeling that the clothing that she was originally wearing was the kantoui for slaves.

...Crap. If she’s a slave, then this changes things quite a bit. If one of the cultists from just now was the master that bought her, then it was their right to decide what to do with this girl, and actually, I who saved the girl just became a thief. If she was abducted then I thought I could search for her parents, and maybe find them, but if she was sold as a slave, then I don’t have much chance in that either. There’s nothing I can do.

“And so, what do you plan on doing?”

Tena asked me this as though trying to finish me off, when I had sunken into silence.

...What do I do?

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*



“Hii-!?”

When our eyes met, the adorable girl with chestnut-hair gave a spasmed cry, and hid behind Tena. It's a spectacle that I've gotten used to over these last few days, and the girl in question is the sacrifice from the other day.

We managed to find out that her name was Lili, and that she had lost her parents in an epidemic, but apparently she didn't really know anything more than that, and we still don't know where she came from, or how she came to be a slave.

In the end, I couldn't think of any ideas, so I decided that we'd raise her in this dungeon for a while at least. From what we've heard, it seems that it'll be impossible to return her to her parents.

“Lili, Anri-sama isn't scary, you know?”

Incidentally, the one who found all this out was Tena, not me. Lili had apparently grown attached to Tena who had taken care of her, and always follows her around. In contrast, she's afraid of me, and just as you saw just now, even when I try to talk to her, she immediately runs away from me.

While seeing the two of them getting along like sisters, I sighed.

Chapter 19: Starvation Tactics

The goals of the intruders who come to this dungeon are varied, but if I had to roughly classify them, they'd be those looking for money, and those looking for fame.

If you succeeded in conquering a dungeon, you'd receive quite a reward after all, and if that dungeon's level of difficulty was high, then your name and fame would spread.

With the spread of the Evil God rumours, I was worried that my income sourc-... I mean, the number of adventurers would decline, but I really didn't have to worry because they began to increase instead.

Apparently even the guild was getting frustrated with the lack of progress with the dungeon capture, and increased the reward.

Drawn by the promise of 100 gold coins, each day an average of 10 parties would come to the dungeon in challenge, and after using up all their strength in the top floors, they'd be thrown out to the upper floors.

At present, nobody has reached the redeployed No Life King yet.

...*

However, since 3 days ago, the intruders suddenly stopped coming.

...*

I was spending each day toiling away at assorting the weapons and armour since they were always being collected and sent in, but suddenly nothing was coming.

Wondering what was going on, I had a look at each of the dungeon floors, but they were filled with only monsters, and not a trace of an intruder.

On the first day, I was being optimistic and thinking "Well, I guess there are days like this too.".

On the second day, I began to think "Something's wrong.".

And then today, on the third day, having decided that there was

something abnormal about the situation, I decided to have Tena secretly search around the dungeon.

..*

“Anri-sama, it’s terrible! The area around the dungeon has been sealed off!”

Having come back into the dungeon through a back entrance after I told her to check the surroundings, Tena came flying in with a changed expression.

“Sealed off? Who did, and why?”

Did the Adventurers Guild create a blockade because of the dangers of this dungeon?

But there hasn’t been a single death yet, and in a sense, this is the safest dungeon in the world.

I don’t think there’d be a reason for the guild to do such a thing.

“I do not know! There are people gathered near the entrance to the dungeon and working on some kind of project, and among them are people creating a blockade and forcefully turning back the adventurers who are coming here from town!”

A project near the dungeon entrance?

At the very least, as long as they’re forcefully turning away adventurers, it probably isn’t something the Adventurers Guild is doing, and if it was the Guild, they could just withdraw the reward after all.

It’s no good. Just hearing what Tena said doesn’t help me understand the situation at all.

Thinking that I might figure something out if I had a look with my own eyes, I got off my fat butt.

Just as I was about to teleport into the rear exit, I remembered that Leonora taught me darkness magic and I now had a means of observing things from a distance.

If I used that, there wouldn't be a need to go all the way outside... Wai-, in that case, does that mean that I didn't need to send Tena out either?

This was supposed to be a good chance for me to go outside for the first time in a while, but it seems that my hikikomori lifestyle got extended.

It feels like I'll get fat from the lack of exercise.

Ah-, the "fat butt" that I mentioned earlier isn't a physical description, so don't misunderstand.

I was talking about the possibility of getting fat in the future, and by no means am I fat right this moment.

As you can see, even my stomach is... -squish-... ah-...



I teleported a crow that I made of mana to the back entrance of the dungeon.

I wasn't using the dungeon core's screen, and instead was using a mirror made from darkness magic that showed me what the crow heard and saw.

Though it had the benefit of not necessarily being limited to the dungeon, in exchange there was a need to move the crow from place to place which wouldn't be instant, so it used more mana than my abilities as a dungeon master.

But as for the mana expenditure, going from how much mana I have, it really isn't much, so I don't really mind all that much.

After flying out from the back entrance and soaring into the sky, the crow moved to a place where I could see the dungeon entrance, and stopped on a tree.

In the mirror that reflected the vision of the crow were people working on something or other around the dungeon entrance, just like Tena said.

The entrance to this dungeon is on a small hill by the side of a lake that you can reach by following one of the highways to the end.

Around the entrance, there's a bit of flat ground, but because nobody's

really maintaining it, it's a mess of grass and weeds that grow as much as they want.

No, perhaps it would be better to say that "it was" a mess of grass and weeds.

It probably happened during these last 3 days, but the grass was mown, the few trees that should have been growing here were cut down, and the space was just like an open plaza now.

And in that place were people measuring the ground for something, as well as carried in materials here and there.

...It's almost as though they're building something, but to think they'd construct something near my dungeon of all places.

『Harvin-sama! We have finished measuring the land.』

『Well done. Tell the results to the planning team, and then have a rest.』

『Sir!』

Ah-, amongst the people working was somebody that I recognised.

The person firing off instructions to the people around him was the blonde priest that had been in charge of the sabbath the other day.

Which means... It can't be that the ones doing the construction are the Evil God Cult, can it?

I'm kind of getting an incredibly bad feeling about this.

『It seems that the adventurers are trying to forcefully break through the blockade!』

『!?! I will head there immediately, so hold on! They can not be allowed to interfere with the construction of the temple devoted to our god!』

『Understood!』

Geh-, I knew it.

It seems that my bad feeling was immediately proven to be correct.

I was just trying to act like the Evil God when I told them to be zealous

in their faith, but building a temple is probably too zealous.

Just how much money are they planning on investing in this?

He looks like he's in the early half of his twenties, so I was finding it weird that he was the group leader, but could it be that the young priest comes from a rich merchant or noble family?

To begin with, what do they want from the Evil God anyway?

From what Leonora said, the Evil God doesn't even exist in this world, so although I don't know how many times they've held a sabbath like the other day, they probably haven't gotten anything back from them.

All they're really doing is making useless endeavours.

Wai-, is it my fault!?

Up until now the (fake) object of worship hadn't shown them any responses, but if they then received words and a treasure from offering a sacrifice, then I can assent to their rampage right now.

『You're the leader of these fuckers!? We're adventurers here to challenge the dungeon, so why the fuck are you getting in our way!?』

『Blasphemous fools who would challenge our god, in Her place, I shall hand down your death penalties. I swear on this divine weapon granted as the proof of our faith, that I will not let anybody pass!』

The adventurers were climbing over the barricades, while the young priest was standing in their way.

A critically tense atmosphere filled the whole area.

『Shit, you're fucking insane! Oi, let's clear these fuckers out!』

『AAHH!』

『Fool, fool, FOOL—! I am the agent of your divine punishment, Sect Founder Harvin! En garde!』

But wow, that priest sure is into it.

『Fucken eat this!』

『A pathetic effort!』

When the adventurer had tried to cut him down, the young priest—Harvin, met their blade with the staff in his hand.

The moment that their two weapons collided, following a high pitched sound, part of the adventurer's sword was sent flying from halfway down the blade.

『I-, It can't be...』

『Behold the might of our god!』

After sending the dumbfounded adventurer flying with a yakuza kick, Harvin held up the staff in his hands to the heavens.

Black lightning ran along the staff, and shot out towards the adventurers.

『GUAHHHHHHHHH——!』

『G-, God damn it...』

A number of people could bear it without collapsing, but Harvin ran towards them and brought down his staff.

『IMMEDIATE!』

『GUGYAH-!?』

『PUNISHMENT!』

『GOHU-!』

『PUNISHMENT, PUNISHMENT, DIVINE PUNISHMENT——!』

『...-!』

The adventurers couldn't move well because of the lightning damage, and Harvin knocked them out one by one.

By the time he stopped, his breathing rough, all of the adventurers were lying on the ground.

『OOHHH! As expected of Harvin-sama!』

『Our Sect Founder!』

The surrounding followers looked at him with reverent eyes.

Nobody else is commenting on it, so I'll be commenting but, even though he's a priest, he was actually a melee class this whole time!?

He used a lightning attack, but there was no chanting, so that was probably the power of the staff. Harvin himself used nothing but hand-to-hand combat. Even though I completely thought that he was a mage or a cleric, so I gave him a staff... This is fraud.

Wai-, couldn't I have just looked at his status?

『All by the guidance of our god. The rest of you must strive further in your devotion.』

『Sir!』

I'm not guiding you, I'm definitely not guiding you.

At the very least, I wouldn't do this sort of thing.

『Now then, please toss them outside the barricade or something.』

『Understood.』

Having told them to throw out the unconscious adventurers, he returned to giving instructions on the construction of the temple.

But still, Harvin was stronger than expected.

As you'd expect, he's weaker than Leonora, but if the Hero(lol) was careless, wouldn't Harvin be a match for him?

At this rate, no matter how many adventurers come, they'll probably just be eliminated and won't make it to the dungeon.

I don't know how long it'll take to finish the temple, but at the very least it seems that the time required will be in the order of years.

If I lose my income source-, I mean, the adventurers, then I'll probably run dry before the temple is finished.

Even if the temple is completed before I do run dry, all it'll do is stop more adventurers from coming, so in the end it's the same.

S-, Starvation tactics are for cowards...-!

I tried borrowing Leonora's words, but these guys aren't doing that on purpose, and out of goodwill instead, which makes it all the more terrible.

If I play the Evil God again and told them to stop, then I think they'd listen, but I can't think of a good reason for telling them to stop the temple construction.

I'm beat. I can't think of anything.

Oh yeah, it's at times like this that the Hero is supposed to appear, right?

I want him to crush the plot of these detestable cultists, and take back my peace and quiet.

Where the heck did those guys go, anyway?

While entrusting a thread of hope to that Hero Party coming back and crushing the ambitions of the cultists, I looked resentfully at the progressing construction.

Chapter 20: The Battle of the Evil God Temple

“Anri, are you in!”

I turned in shock towards Leonora who had suddenly burst in while I was having tea with Tena and Lili.

Because we accidentally met eyes, she turned blue from the effect of the mystic eyes, and began to dogeza on the spot.

When I averted my eyes in a fluster, I asked Tena to brew some for Leonora too, after she had finished helping her up.

“S-, Suddenly going through a horrible time like that.”

“I-, I said I was sorry.”

“No, well, it’s my fault for looking at your eyes though.”

Leonora sighed, after having sat down to some tea and catching her breath.

We introduced her to Lili as well, who hadn’t been here the last time she stayed.

Lili’s shyness of strangers came into play and she hid behind Tena, but once she realised that Leonora was harmless, she was very quickly able to speak to her normally. ...Even though I’ve been living with her for days now. This is unfair.

Also, it turns out that the reason Lili kept running away from me was because of the miasma filling the dungeon. It took me a while to notice since it had no effect on Tena and I, but even if I call this place the residential area, it’s just something I decided arbitrarily and it’s still inside the dungeon so of course there’s miasma here. Apparently the combo attack from my Evil God Aura and the fear inducing miasma makes me seem ridiculously terrifying. Of course, since the miasma is a characteristic of the dungeon, it’s not something I can stop even if I wanted to. That’s why I settled the problem by tampering with the

circulation so that it'd suck out the miasma from the residential area and blow it into other areas. The miasma in the other floors might have gotten worse by the same amount, but well, I guess that can't be helped.

Having understood the problem and expelling the miasma from the residential area, Lili finally stopped running away from me. Even so, whenever our eyes met, she'd run away as you'd expect though.

“And so, what’s up, all of a sudden? From how you were acting earlier, it seems like you have something to say, but?”

“Yeah, that’s right. While I was travelling I heard a disturbing rumour, you see, so I came back here in a fluster.”

“A disturbing rumour?”

Just hearing that was disturbing enough, and now I’m scared to hear the rest.

Speaking of which, didn’t I hear the Evil God rumour from Leonora as well?

“There’s a rumour spreading that there are Evil God Cultists gathering around Riemel town, you see.”

“Ahh, so it’s about that.”

I unconsciously relaxed.

Sorry to Leonora who journeyed all the way back here to tell me, but if that’s what this is all about, then I already know.

The Hero(lol) Party let me down and didn’t come, and though the construction of the temple that was arbitrarily set outside the dungeon entrance is still going slowly, it’s making progress.

It’s certainly troublesome, but it’s nothing life-threatening, so I’ll just relax and take my time to come up with a countermeasure.

But still, going by the way she said things, could it be that Leonora didn’t see the stuff around the dungeon herself? Since I told her about the back entrance as well, if she came in from there, it makes sense that she’d arrive here without passing through the blockade.

“Mu, so it was true after all? In that case, the rumour that I heard is seeming closer and closer to fact.”

“That wasn’t the disturbing rumour?”

“No, the fact that Evil God Cultists are gathering is nothing more than the precondition. You see, the disturbing rumour I heard is about the Order of the Sacred Light being gathered to subjugate the gathering cultists.”

Order of the Sacred Light?

“T-, That can’t be...-!”

“...?”

It seems that Tena knows something since she turned pale, but as expected, perhaps Lili was too young to know, because seeing Tena she just tilted her head in wonder.

“You seem quite relaxed, huh. Even though you should know quite well what this means.”

“Uh, no, what’s the Order of the Sacred Light?”

Hearing my question, Leonora and Tena fell forward powerlessly.

“Y-, You... You don’t know of the Order of the Sacred Light? I’ve been thinking this for a while, but are you really a human?”

“Anri-sama... The Order of the Sacred Light is just as it sounds; a knight order formed by the call of the Church of Sacred Light. Only the Pope has the right to call them, and it comprises knights from various countries.”

In other words, something like the Crusaders of this world?

Also, Leonora sure is rude. It’s inevitable that I don’t know about this world.

“It seems that you don’t understand, so I’ll say this as well, but the state religion of all the human nations should be the Faith of Sacred Light. Becoming the target of the Order of the Sacred Light is in other words becoming the enemy of the entire human race.”

NANI?

The degree of danger just shot to another level.

From what I hear, certainly the Evil God Cultists are the enemy of the Church, but didn't things get blown up way too quickly?

Although it's true that cultists are gathering, is all of the human race joining forces just for a group that's only a few hundred at best?

When I asked this, Leonora nodded as though it were natural.

"Certainly, it does feel unnatural that they would mobilise on this huge a scale just for the Evil God Cultists. It makes sense that we should view them as having an objective beyond this, I suppose."

"An objective beyond this?"

"The investigation of the rumoured Evil God, and then the subjugation, or sealing of it, I suppose."

I see. If it wasn't just the cultists, but the Evil God as well, then I can assent to this exaggerated mobilisation.

To get attacked by all of humanity like this, this Evil God person sure has it rough too, huhh~

"I think you already understand, but it's you, you know?"

I know it's me, dammmmit.

At least allow me some escapism.

"I'm not the Evil God."

"That isn't the problem right now. Whether or not it's true, if the human race recognises you as such, then it's the same thing."

Certainly, whether or not I'm the Evil God, as long as the top brass of each country and the Church recognise me as the Evil God, it won't change the fact that I'll be their target for elimination.

But why I'm being recognised as the Evil God is a mystery.

"The leaders of the countries and Church should know that the Evil God

is imaginary.”

“Mu, now that you mention it, that’s true...”

According to what I heard from Leonora earlier, the Evil God was a fictitious enemy created to give authority to the Church of Sacred Light.

Normal people or those in lower positions are one thing, but the higher-ups know that the Evil God doesn’t exist, so they’d probably just laugh at rumours of the Evil God appearing.

“Or perhaps it’s because they know that it is fictitious. It is not strange to think that the subjugation will be easy since it’s just a fake and self-styled Evil God. And what’s more, fake though it may be, as long as ordinary people and believers think that it’s the real thing, they can heighten their authority by subjugating it.”

Even though I don’t recall ever calling myself that.

But I also think that Leonora’s train of thought is correct.

It’s nuisancing others, but as long as the people believe that it’s true, regardless of whether it is or not, they probably won’t be able to leave it alone.

“And so, when will the Order of the Sacred Light be coming?”

“I don’t know that much, but if you consider them as being gathered and prepared from various nations, at the very least a few months, and perhaps it might even take a year, depending.”

As you’d expect, once it gets to this massive a scale, they can’t mobilise that easily, huh?

It was quite a headache of a topic, but the fact that I still have room to think is great luck.

I really can’t relax with the situation as it is, but since I have time, I’ll carefully figure out which choice is best.

..*

..*

..*

...There was a period when I thought like that too.

“Leonora.”

“T-, This isn’t my fault, you know!?”

Using the crow from last time, the surroundings of the dungeon were projected onto the mirror.

And on that mirror were the marching forms of soldiers on the highway that led towards the dungeon.

Meeting the cultist barrier, the soldiers stopped to set up a camp, but they kept arriving one after another, and the difference in power was ridiculous.

“It hasn’t even been half a month... This isn’t what you said.”

“L-, Like I said, this isn’t my fault. To begin with, isn’t this strange!? Why were they able to mobilise soldiers so quickly!?”

Leonora exclaimed with vigour and anger, but it felt like she was just trying to direct the blame away from herself.

Well, I had her stay in the dungeon out of worry, so I have no intention of blaming her though.

Like she said, it certainly is too early, no matter how you look at it.

“No, wait. Can you make the image of the soldiers bigger?”

Leonora asked me this, as though having noticed something.

I gave a nod, before moving the crow closer to the formations.

Leonora stared hard at the soldiers reflected on the mirror, but finally, she gave a nod, having seemingly assented to something.

“I see. I understand the trick now. The ones marching right now are all soldiers from the Kingdom of Fortera.”

The ‘Kingdom of Fortera’ is, if I remember correctly, the country that this place belongs to.

All of them are soldiers of the Kingdom? Wasn't the Order of Sacred Light a coalition force?

Or could it be that these guys are something other than the Order of Sacred Light?

"They're probably the vanguard. The allied forces will take time to assemble, so they probably intend to have the soldiers that can immediately mobilise do the scouting and planning first. Given Fortera's location, they'd get here quickly after all."

I see. I don't know if it's something that Fortera wished for itself, or if it was pushed into it, but for the role of vanguard, it's natural that it's Fortera.

According to Leonora, the location of the Kingdom is adjacent to the Demon Race Territory, so in a place like that, it wouldn't be strange to have a standing army to a certain extent.

"In that case, they won't attack us immediately, right?"

"If they're devoted enough to play their role, that is."

Leonora spoke hesitantly.

As though asking for the true meaning behind her words, I gazed at the beautiful face of the girl with the flowing silver hair. ...She averted her eyes.

"From Fortera's point of view, this is something they should like to tidy up before the main force of the Order gets here. As long as this is the Kingdom's territory, then by all rights, this is a problem that should be dealt with by the Kingdom itself. Although the Evil God may be the enemy of all of the human race, if a problem within their country is dealt with by the Church or the Order, they will come to owe them a favour."

I see. If they owe them a favour, then in later negotiations they'll be at a disadvantage, so it's natural that they'd want to avoid that.

"What's more, looking at the scene from earlier, it's clear to anyone that they appear to have enough power to deal with it even without waiting

for the main force. Would it not be difficult for them to sit still for months without doing anything?"

"Certainly."

I don't know exactly how many soldiers Fortera has, but they should have thousands even by a conservative estimate, and if I'm unlucky, they might even have over ten thousand.

And on the other hand, the cultists have stopped with the construction and taken up positions, but they only have a few hundred... There's nothing to even discuss.

On top of that, if this is the standing army of the Kingdom's military, then they're all professional soldiers, but the fighters among the cultists number only a few dozen at best, while the rest are normal people.

No matter how hard the merry Sect Founder tries, it's impossible for him to overturn this difference in war potential; he's truly a drop in the bucket.

There's no way to shake the military superiority of the Kingdom after all, and even I think it would be completely meaningless to wait for the Order.

On the contrary, if they waited in this situation, wouldn't they be liable to be slandered as cowards?

"There's a good chance that they will attack once their camp is complete. What will you do?"

"..."

'What will I do'? That's what I want to know.

I didn't think they'd come so quickly, so I haven't thought of anything.

I'm a normal person who likes to put off the unpleasant. (When it comes to food alone, I'll save the best for last though.)

I was told that there would be a few months until this happened, so I thought it would be fine if I thought about this stuff next month.

I guess there are about 3 rough choices that I can make.

(1) Fight: For ye fools who hath roused me from my repose, I award ye with death! (fight to the bitter end)

(2) Surrender: P-, Please just spare me my life! (naked dogeza)

(3) Escape: Cya, Totssan! (making a break for it)

For now, let's think in a direction where I won't be doing (2).

I have no intention of doing a naked dogeza after all, and even if I did, what lies after would probably just be a tragic fate.

(3) is looking ridiculously attractive, but the problem is where I should run to.

It seems that I've made an enemy of the entire human race, so I guess the only place I could escape to is the Demon Race Territory.

I wonder if I can't use Leonora's connections to give me asylum.

I looked towards my only ray of hope, Leonora, but it seems that she interpreted my glance as asking for her opinion, because she continued speaking.

"It does certainly seem that with the difference in numbers, you'll lose in a head-on confrontation, huh. Were it me, I think that using the geography of the dungeon to fight a siege battle would be effective, though."

Ah. Seems like it's no good. She's completely in the mood to fight.

When she asked "What will you do?", I guess she meant "How are you going to fight?".

Speaking of which, although she was better than the Hero(lol) Party, Leonora was actually quite a musclehead too.

I'm thankful just that she's staying by my side in a situation like this, but if I asked her to give me refuge in the Demon Race Territory, it feels like she'd abandon me in scorn.

If I can't hide in the Demon Race Territory, then (3) is impossible as

well... Is there only (1)?

But feeling pain, and being killed, and while I'm at it, killing someone as long as I'm in no danger, are things I'd like to avoid though.

No, thinking about it again, defeating the main force of the Kingdom or the Order isn't my goal, so I guess there isn't a reason to fight them head-on?

Now that it's come to this, the best result for me would be to have them think of me as powerful and withdraw their troops, as well as holding back on making a move against me in the future.

Even if I use brute force to drive away the Kingdom's forces today, if I continue to get attacked in the future, there won't be any point.

I'll put on a flashy performance and make our side look stronger than it is, and make them think that it's impossible to fight me... This is the best way.

...It's nothing but a bluff though.

If the idea that I'm impossible to fight against begins to spread, then peace negotiations should be possible.

Negotiations are impossible for me, so I plan on pushing this onto somebody else though.

Fortunately, I have an idea of something flashy enough. When I told Leonora about what I thinking, she immediately went to prepare.

Honestly speaking, I didn't think Leonora would be very happy about it, but she was surprisingly willing to help. Although she was speaking like that before, even she should understand that frontal attacks are no good. If it's just the Kingdom's army in front of us then it might be another matter, but if the Order of the Sacred Light comes along later, we'll be crushed by their numbers. The only chance at overturning this situation is right now.

Now then, let's begin my one in a lifetime gamble.

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

*

TL Notes:

“...There was a period when I thought like that too.” is a Baki reference
lol

The whole scene is something like,

” ‘Boxing is an incomplete martial art because it lacks kicks...’ huh?
There was a period when I thought like that too.”

Note: Lupin (of Lupin Third) often refers to Zenigata as Tottsan, a form
of address that is usually translated as “Old Man” or “Pops”

Chapter 21: Evil God Average

Holding my hand to the dungeon core, for the first time in a while I added a floor.

However, what I was doing this time was different to what I'd been doing up until now. So far, I'd just been adding floors normally, and since this was a cave-type dungeon, the floors were added underground. In contrast, this time what I was doing was adding floors contrary to the nature of this dungeon.

The first time I needed to pay 30,000,000 extra, like some sort of harassment, but with that, I could build floors both below and above ground. ...Aahh, even though I'd finally saved up that much. The dragon I wanted is moving away from my reach.

After adding a special floor one time, after that I was able to add on more surface floors just by using the normal floor-adding function. The surface floors weren't just rooms, and so I needed to choose how to have the exterior as well which was a bother, but since most of the settings were already set, I finished it quickly.

Leonora was standing next to me with a cramped expression, but I paid her no heed and finished processing the final floor.

There weren't any changes to that room, but with this, I felt that I would be able to give a good performance, and so I turned to look at the scenery reflected on the mirror that I had left beside me.



The Kingdom's soldiers who had completed their formation, the cultists who were ready to martyr themselves in opposition of the Kingdom; all of the people there were frozen in shock and awe, with their eyes fixed on that one spot.

On the thus far empty clearing that had been created to serve as the base of the temple, suddenly appeared a gargantuan building, as though piercing the heavens.

That mostly black palace was designed with an exquisite balance of holiness and dreadfulness, and the building itself was like a work of art.

Everyone there had surely realised it instinctively; that this was the temple in which the Evil God lived.

That's right. On the top of the 5th surface floor, I established a temple.

Because it requires too many mana points, to begin with no other dungeon master would build a surface floor in an underground dungeon. Because of that, people don't know that the act in itself is possible, so it's probably quite flashy enough.

If they misunderstand this as a power I have because I'm the Evil God, then it'll be even more effective.

For the cincher, I brought Leonora and Tena up to the top floor with a teleport.

From the balcony of the spire, I could see the dumbfounded and frozen figures of the Forteran Army and Evil God Cultists.

"Leonora, Tena, if you'd please."

"Yeah, got it."

"Understood, Anri-sama."

Leonora and Tena began chanting magic together.

I've asked the two of them to help set the stage for my show.

What Leonora chanted was a spell that forcibly changed the battlefield to nighttime, in order to heighten the effectiveness of darkness magic.

What Tena chanted was a foothold creation spell used for aerial battles.

An area of a few kilometres radius with the temple at the centre was engulfed in the shadow of night, and in the midst of it all with Leonora and Tena in tow, I walked off the balcony into the air.

Normally doing this would send me tumbling to the ground, but right now because there was a staircase of black smoke that Tena created, I slowly went down the stairs.

Because my foothold was fluffy and unreliable, even if I knew that I wasn't going to fall, scary things were still scary.

Inside, my heart was beating faster than it ever had since I was born.

If possible, Leonora, Tena, either was fine, so I'd have preferred to have held someone's hand, but that wasn't possible in this situation.

The stairs continued all the way to the ground, but I stopped at a landing situated halfway down, and once again overlooked the surface.

In my vision, the various soldiers and cultists were all looking up at me without exception.

Now then, it's time for the finishing touches.

I quietly closed my eyes, and began moulding my mana.

Let's use all of the mana that I've preserved by even asking Leonora and Tena to set the stage, and shoot it into the sky as one big, flashy firework.

I'll have them think that there's a massive difference in power, and make sure they never dream of attacking me again.

My eyes flashed open, and my chant——

...*

...*

...*

——Wha-, huh? The Forteran Army isn't even here. Where'd they go?

...*

...*

...*

With the stage missing the people I was supposed to perform to, unsure of what to do, I froze up.

“Um, Anri-sama? It seems that things have already ended.”

“If you're looking for the Forterans, they ran away right after they saw you, you know?”

What did you say?

Wai-, then what do I do about all this mana I've moulded?

I ignored stuff like the maximum limit, so it's about to explode, you know?

“Come now, how long are you going to stand there? Let's return already.”

Whatever, gunna fire it.

It was supposed to be a harmless firework, but because I stopped the chant it's turned turned into just your normal attack magic, but it should be fine as long as I fire it somewhere without towns and stuff.

“Wha-!? What do you intend to do!?”

Sorry, it can't be stopped now.

“I-, Idiot! STOOOOOOOOOP——!!!”

(--- - ---)

Chudooon.

(eyes closed, facing up to the sky)

... *
... *
... *
... *
... *
... *
... *
... *
... *
... *

〔Candidate “Anri” has exceeded the required faith and fear levels.〕

〔Race has been changed from “Human Race” to “Divine Race”.〕

『Job has been changed from “Mage” to “Administrator”.』

『Title has upgraded from “Child of the Evil God” to “Evil God of Fearful Trembling”.』

『Gained title “Third Administrator”.』

『Gained skill “Administration”.』

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

Huh?

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*



Why did things turn out like this?

No, I mean, it's my fault for acting without thinking so it's nothing except reaping what I sow, but even so, who could have predicted that something like this would happen? It might be pointless to say anything after all this time, but the reflection that I'm doing is even deeper than the ocean.

I'm reflecting, so—

“Can't you forgive me already?”

“No. Stay in seiza.”

—You're heartless.

..*

After I interrupted the showdown between the soldiers and cultists with my once in a lifetime farce, despite feeling shocked at the sudden 『voice』, I somehow managed to keep a hold of myself and returned to the dungeon, but what awaited me was punishment from the furious Leonora.

Overwhelmed by her threatening attitude, and spent the last few hours in seiza, without even being allowed food or the bathroom. But the fact that for some reason I'm not getting hungry, and that I'm fine without going to the bathroom even once, is a mystery.

Incidentally, the reason that I was being punished like this by Leonora who shouldn't have even known what seiza was, is because it was Tena's suggestion. Tena... you definitely held a grudge over that. And that being the case, just imagining what awaits me after this is enough to send a cold sweat down my spine.

Although I'm a Japanese person who's used to seiza, as you'd expect, after bearing with this for hours I've already lost the feeling in my legs, and just trying to move a little sends prickles throughout my body.

If I get poked in this state... -tremble tremble-

..*

Also, regarding Leonora's anger, becoming an Evil God was... not why she was mad, and it was instead because I fired the gathered mana in a

random direction.

At first I had planned on just using a harmless and flashy spell to threaten the soldiers, but I ended up losing focus due to the soldiers that had run away before I knew it, and having lost my timing, the mana that had gone beyond the limit was on the verge of going out of control.

Since I couldn't hold it back properly, I had no choice but to fire it, but there'd be damage if anything was hit by that no-longer-harmless mana, and so with at least that much reasoning left, I fired it into a direction with no towns.

..*

And well, of course there were no towns. Because it was in the direction of the "Demon Race Territory".

..*

Having realised what I'd done, Leonora began using magic to check with the Demon Race Territory and how much damage was done, while beginning to lecture me at the same time. She really didn't need to do such a good job of multitasking. I wish she would just focus on confirming the damage.

"Are you listening, Anri!?"

"I'm listening."

I was thinking about something else, but at the very least, it did enter my ear.

While Leonora's lecturing was entering my left ear, and exiting my right, I stealthily chanted "status" under my breath.

Name: Anri

Race: Divine Race [New]

Sex: Female

Age: 17

Job: Administrator [New]

Level: 1

Title: Evil God of Fearful Trembling [New], Dungeon Master, Third Administrator [New]

Mana: 27193018

Skills:

- Evil God Aura (Lv.5)
- Mystic Eyes of Wicked Authority (Lv.5)
- Divine Enchantment (Lv.7)
- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.9)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.9)
- Item Box (Lv.9)
- Dungeon Create (Lv.7)
- Administrator (Lv.5) [New]

Equipment:

- Tantou of the Wicked Demon
- Black Clothes of the Evil God
- Babydoll of Depravity
- Scanties of the Succubus
- Pumps of Darkness

Miko:

- Tena

... *

Uwahh... Um~mm, uwahh...

It's no good. I can't find the words.

Just why have things turned out like this?

I knew it when I heard the 『voice』, but seeing it again is rough in

various ways.

..*

<Evil God of Fearful Trembles>

The Evil God who governs the Fear authority.

<Third Administrator>

The one who takes the third seat of the administrators of the world.

<Administration>

The basic skill of an Administrator.

Manages the laws and environment of the world.

Level defines the reaches of one's jurisdiction.

Lv.5 is the level where one's jurisdiction encompasses everything except the World System and the authorities held by the other administrators.

..*

If I'm the third seat, then that means there are another 2 people (2 gods?), so if the legends that Leonora told me were correct, then they should be the God of Light and God of Darkness.

By 'the fundamentals of the World system', could they be talking about the power of the Creator God that was tasked with maintaining the world?

Thinking about it, these statuses and titles, skills, and the abilities of the dungeon are probably part of this system.

Even after being turned into a god, I'm not exempt from its management after all, so I can't think of what else this could be.

...*

Name: Tena

Race: Apostle Race

Sex: Female

Age: 14

Job: Miko [New]

Level: 1

Title: Anri's Miko

Mana: 187530

Skills:

- Abnormal Status Resistance (Lv.6)
- Darkness Magic (Lv.6)

Equipment:

- Miko Outfit of the Evil God

...*

I even smuggled Tena out of the realm of humans with me. Sorry.

As a bonus, she was released from slavery and became my miko.

...*

『...And that ends my report.』

“I see. Got it. If anything happens, contact me.”

『Understood.』

It seems that Leonora knows how the Demon Race Territory is now.

When I looked at her pleadingly, she averted her eyes whilst telling me what happened.

“Fortunately, nobody was harmed.”

Thank goodness. In my mind, I let out a sigh of relief.

I wasn't seriously listening to her lecture, but that was because I couldn't concentrate from the worry. I mean, even like this, I actually did worry. If somebody was hurt because of something stupid like that, I wouldn't be able to apologise enough.

“However, apparently one mountain was half-destroyed.”

Are you serious? Certainly, by the time it was about to explode, there was a terrifying amount of mana packed in there, but to think that it was enough to smash a mountain.

But well, I guess that's fine, as long as nobody was hurt. In the worst case, I could probably fix it with the skill I was granted after all.

While thinking about this, a shadow fell over me. Wondering what was up, I looked upwards and found that Leonora was standing in front of me with her head hanging. I couldn't see her eyes because of her silver hair, but I could see that her mouth was clenched and twitching.

The atmosphere feels kinda dangerous.

"...It seems that you haven't been listening to me, huh?"

"I was listening."

"Then try repeating it back to me."

"....."

...I'm sorry.

"Tena. It looks like Anri wants a foot massage."

"Understood, Leonora-san! Help out too, Lili."

"Mn."

I'm seriously sorry!?

Wha-, wait. That'll be seriously bad right now.

Don't wriggle your fingers as you sidle up to me!

Pikyaaaaaaaaaaaaa-----!!!

...*

...*

...*

...*

...*

...

...

Tena was laughing with a brighter expression than I'd ever seen.

...

Lili who was playing together with Tena, as well as Leonora who should have been angry, seemed to be having fun as well.

...

Even though I became something like an Evil God, they didn't treat me any different.

...

It's a scene where I have no dignity at all, but I think that this is really happiness.

...

Although I was supposed to be able to live an average lifestyle, I ended up as average with Evil Gods as my standard, and in the end I even became a real Evil God, but,

...

if I can be with these girls, then I'm sure things will be fun.

...

I'm just a novice Evil God, but in order to continue laughing with these girls, I'll at least give it my all to become an average one.

...

...

...

...

...

...

...*

“How does this spot feel, Anri-sama?”

“Tingly.”

“Alright, time for me to “help out” too, Anri.”

Really, just forgive me already...

Side Story 01: A Certain Innkeeper's Reception

The side stories will primarily be from the perspective of other characters, and unlike the main story, the tone will be more serious and more horrific.

However, having already read the main story and knowing full well how things are actually progressing, I think that the readers will instead read the stories with a grin and find them fluffy instead.

...I can't imagine that there are any people out there with weird reading habits like reading the side stories before the main story, but if you do exist, you were beyond my expectations, so please go ahead with this in mind.

There will be 11 side stories in total, and the length of each one varies.

Let's start with a bit of a jab.

"Oh, a guest? Welcome, this is an inn."

Around the time when the sun was about to set, hearing the sound of the door opening, I turned and greeted the customer. They looked suspicious; clad from head to toe in a black robe, but having worked in an inn for many years and having seen countless customers before, I could immediately tell from her figure that she was a young girl and so I wasn't particularly suspicious of her. If a young girl walks around with her face showing she'll meet a lot of trouble after all, so it's natural to protect herself.

Now then, for some reason it feels a bit colder in here but... Well, I'm sure it's just my imagination.

"How much is one night?"

"One night is 1 silver, breakfast is 5 coppers, dinner is 10 coppers, and a tub of hot water is 5 coppers."

It's a little more expensive than other inns, but I think our rooms and

food make up for it. We aren't connected to a tavern so it isn't noisy, and there aren't any rough customers either, after all.

"Five nights, with the food and water too please."

With those words, I was handed some silver coins. One, two, three... Mn, there are certainly 6 here. Most customers pay by the night, but she seems to be quite used to spending money. I hadn't even told her how much it was yet, and she'd already calculated it herself after all. She must be the daughter of some major merchant, right?

I don't think it's the case, but it couldn't be that she's a noble, right? The robe she's wearing is quite well made, though. No matter how much better our inn might be compared to the others, this isn't a place that a noble would stay.

"Got it, your room is on the second floor, the final door on the right. This is the key. Do you want to eat straight away?"

"Yes, if that's possible."

"Right away. I'll prepare it now so wait in whichever seat you'd like."

After handing her a key attached to a wooden plate, I went to the kitchen to tell the innmaster to prepare a person's share of dinner.

..*



..*

Because the girl I mentioned didn't seem to be a very talkative person, we never even chatted so I didn't know her name. Seeing as she always keeps her robe on whether she's going out or eating dinner in her room, I'm sure she has some circumstances. I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't interested, but it isn't good to pry into the business of the customers after all, so I'm not going to ask.

But still, although she told me not to clean the room or change the bed sheets while she was staying there, she isn't doing anything weird in there, is she? I'm a little worried.

Eating breakfast, going out, and then returning at night. The girl continued to repeat this, but after a few days, there was a time when she came back earlier than usual. Although she was silent, she would at least reply when you called out “Welcome back”, but that day for some reason as soon as she entered the inn, she immediately headed for the stairs. Wondering what was wrong, I looked towards her, and through the gap in her robe, I saw her face for the first time——

*
..

*
..
..

——! W-, What the heck was that!?

Her face was more beautiful than expected, but more importantly what was with those eyes!?

Anger, hatred, disgust, disdain, bloodthirst, resentment, anguish, grief, despair; those black eyes were filled with every negative emotion imaginable. In my years working here I’ve seen the eyes of all sorts of customers, but this was the first time in my life that I’d seen eyes like those.

No, those aren’t eyes that a human would make. They’re the eyes of something much more sinister and terrifying. The moment I saw them, it was like my heart was in a vice-grip. Aahh, how terrifying...

*
..

Aahh, just what kind of customer are we hosting.

If possible I’d like them to leave right this instant, but they’ve already paid for two more nights. If I could return that money then I would do so this instant, but if it flew into a rage and attacked...

There’s just two days left. Just two more days. It’s been fine so far, so it should be fine for two more days. That’s right, isn’t it?

*
..
..

After that one day that was different, the thing that looked like a girl went back to normal. Fortunately it seems that she didn't realise I had seen her face.

I was so afraid that I almost couldn't do it, but so that it didn't show its true colours, I had to talk to it like normal, after all. If it knew that I had suspected its true form, I can't even imagine what it'd do to me. Please deliver me from evil.

And like that, I somehow managed to pass the two days.

..*



..*

Aahh, it's finally gone...

That thing that looked like a girl was talking about extending its stay, so after pleading with it, I somehow got it to accept my refusal. To be honest, the whole time I was afraid running a cold sweat from worry of being attacked, but it seemed to have sensed something because it obediently left.

Completely exhausted, I collapsed backwards into a chair. There's no doubt that these last two days have taken three years off of my lifespan.

I took a rest on the chair for a little while, but pulling myself together, I decided to go clean the room. If possible, I want a decent customer next.

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

Wai-, what is this!? What's this black canopy bed!?

Side story 02: A Certain Sister's Terror

“Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama is a great personage who created humankind.”

..*

I was standing at the back of the chapel behind the seats, as part of mass.

Beyond the seats next to the statue of Sacred Goddess-sama was Reverend-sama, who was in the middle of preaching to the people. Right now he was preaching about the reason why we should be thankful to Sacred Goddess-sama, you see.

When Reverend-sama preaches, his voice resounds through the quiet chapel, and it feels like your soul is being cleansed. That's why I loved mass.

..*

“Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama is always watching over us.”

..*

Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama is the esteemed god that created our world, and is a kind and merciful personage who protects we humans from the Evil God that tries to destroy the world.

The Church of Sacred Light sings praise of Her exploits, and exist to convey this to the people. Of course, we do not only teach others, but in accordance to Her will, we are a wonderful organisation that also extends our hands to the needy through food, establishes orphanages, mediates for warring nations, and tries our very best for the sake of peace for humankind.

My family was poor, and so we struggled to feed ourselves each day, but the Church of Sacred Light saved us. Because I wanted to save somebody else, the same way that I was saved, I joined the Church as a nun.

..*

“Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama loves we humans, and protects us from evil.”

..*

Although the church in Riemel is not very large, as a town close to the Demon Territory, we’re seen as the last stronghold against the demons. Because of that, apparently an archbishop even came all the way here when this church was being built, and along with a number of people, they laid down a complicated barrier for us. Even a normal church wards off evil through the power of Her blessing, but this church is protected with a particularly strong power. Even if by some chance our town was in danger due to an invasion from the Demon Territory, this church wouldn’t be so easily invaded. When Reverend-sama told me this, I felt incredibly reassured.

..*

“Please thank Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama for her compassion, and send her your prayers.”

..*

With Reverend-sama’s words, the people all brought their hands together in prayer. Still standing there, I was about to close my eyes and pray with them——

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

——When at that moment, a -bang-resounded within the chapel as it shook.

No, it wasn’t the building or the floor that shook. With a sound, it was the space itself that shook. A clamour spread through the people due to the sudden shock.

“Everybody, please calm down!”

Reverend-sama tried to stop everybody, but he couldn't get them to calm down. I didn't understand what happened, but I decided to follow his example and decided to try and calm everybody down.

However, at that moment, I noticed something behind me and so I turned around. And when I did, an abnormal scene unfolded before me.

The church is always open so that anybody can enter at any time, and the door is left open even during mass. Because of that, because I was standing at the back of the chapel, when I turned around I could see what was happening beyond the door. It was the scenery outside that was abnormal; of all things, the scenery was cracked. Beyond the crack was your everyday Riemel, but because that townscape was the same as ever, it made the crack ever more strange.

I was dumbfounded by the scene's sudden change to another realm, but before long, it became clear to me that there was a crack in something transparent that covered the church. Perhaps because they noticed my behaviour, Reverend-sama included, everybody in the church turned their eyes outside.

Something covering the church?

It couldn't be the protective barrier that Reverend-sama spoke of, could it? ...No, but in that case, why was it cracked!?

..*

..*

My eyes were held captive by the crack in space, but eventually I noticed that beyond it was somebody standing there in a black robe. The crack coincidentally covered their face, but they seemed to be a girl in her teens. The girl was standing right in front of the crack. I was about to call out in warning, “It's dangerous there, please stay away!”, but before I had the chance to, the girl raised her right hand and softly touched the crack before my eyes.

It was the next instant. That crack spread out all at once, until I could

see nothing but, and with a -pan-sound, 'something' immediately shattered and vanished.

..*

..*

Eh-?

I-, It can't be... The protective barrier that the archbishop set was-!?

Although I was dumb from disbelief, I could certainly feel it disappearing; the aura of sacredness that had been always present.

..*

..*

And because the crack was now gone, the face under the robe was now visible to me.

The moment our eyes met, it felt like I was being strangled by some feeling of oppression, and I found myself unable to breathe.

It wasn't only me. Reverend-sama and everybody else behind me stood frozen, unable to even speak.

The thing that looked like a girl glared at everybody in the church in silence—

..*

..*

..*

..*

—Before curving its lips into a sneer, and turning to leave after muttering something.

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

Because the thing that looked like a girl had walked away, we could finally breathe again. The emotional strain on everybody was huge, and everybody sank to the ground in exhaustion.

Because there was no way to continue the mass like this, we stopped it and instead immediately made warm soup for everyone. Honestly speaking, I felt like I was going to collapse myself, but I needed to prepare the soup.

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

Although its face was beautiful, there's no doubt that it was a retainer of the Evil God.

...No, since it so easily destroyed the archbishop's barrier, I'm sure that it was the Evil God itself.

That it left after doing nothing but destroying the barrier was surely a malicious announcement that it could attack at any time. The Evil God's ghastly smile had told me so.

I couldn't hear what the Evil God muttered at the end, but it was surely

some horrifying curse.

Just what will happen to this world, and what will happen to us?

..*

Aahh, Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama.

Please deliver us from evil.

*

TL: I actually had a lot of trouble with this. I really hated writing 'Reverend-sama', but calling him 'the reverend' doesn't give the sense that she knows him well (as a member of the same church). At the same time, no name was given, so I couldn't replace 'shimpu-sama' with 'Father __' either. In the end I resorted to the awkward sounding 'Reverend-sama', but I still feel it was the best choice, so please forgive me.

Side story 03: A Certain Adventurer's Disaster

After receiving our rewards for reporting the completion of our quest, we sat 'round a table in the guild to take a break.

The quest we turned in was the subjugation mission of forest wolves... Was a pretty difficult job for us. Forest wolves are pack monsters that live in the forest, but recently they've been growing too large in number and have been attacking merchants that use the forest roads. That's why the lord of this area sent out a request for their subjugation.

Each forest wolf ain't so strong by themselves, but they always move in a pack and attack after surrounding the enemy, so they're a pretty annoying foe. In the forest your vision is limited, so forest wolves are a monster you need to take care with, but for some reason they appeared close to the entrance to the forest yesterday, so it was easy to hunt them. Seems that something scared them. I was worrying about it, but I still have no idea.

"Still, things were easier than expected this time, ey?"

"Well yeah, the wolves were at the entrance to the forest for some reason. What's more there wasn't any teamwork at all."

Apparently my companions were thinking about the same thing. I decided to join in.

"Didn't feel like they were hunting for prey. Speaking of which, didn't they look scared of something?"

They nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, I got that feeling too. Could it be that they were running from some strong monster that took up residence in the forest or something?"

"Hell if I know. But it sounds possible."

Basically the only times that monsters migrate are when there are too many of them, too little prey, or when there's a strong monster that

moved into their territory. Since they moved so suddenly this time, and they looked scared too, the chance that it's the latter is pretty high.

"Can't be that a dragon or something moved into the forest, right?"

"Haha, pretty sure that ain't happening."

I've been an adventurer for pretty bloody long, but I ain't never seen a dragon. Heard that they exist deep into the Demon Territory though.

"Well at any rate, it'd probably be better to be careful if we head into the forest again for a quest."

"Yeah. Ain't nothing matter more than your life."

Once you're dead, you're dead.

An adventurer is a job where your life completely hangs on your skills and yourself, but even so you get novice brats that dream of being heroes and get themselves killed trying to do the unreasonable. Veterans like us try to teach them what the world is like whenever we can, but people like that are endless.

Right, just like that kid over... Hey.

..*

..*

"I'll be transcribing what's written on the car—"

"Oi, oi, this little girl wants to become an adventurer? It's the end of the bloody world."

When I went to have a look, I found someone hidden from head to toe in a black robe, applying at the counter to be an adventurer. But even under that robe I could tell at a glance that they were a dainty, green-arsed brat, and what's more a woman. This brat of a girl is going to be an adventurer without even forming a party? It's bloody suicide! If I leave her alone, in two or three days she's just gunna be a 'seed-bed' for a goblin nest.

Before I knew it, I'd left my seat and cut into the conversation.

"Oi, oi, Gartz. You're seriously picking a fight with another newbie?"

“Doing this everyyy singleee time. You sure don’t get bored, huh.”

Can’t be helped that my companions are all astonished that I’m doing this again, but I’m not gunna sleep well knowing that brats are getting themselves killed left and right. It’s for their sake as well that I grill them a little and have them work underneath us.

The lass might’ve been afraid of me or something, cause she just stood there without saying anything.

Looking at her again, she sure is bloody tiny.

“Oi, how ’bout saying something. Don’t just stand there wordlessly forever with your face hidden.”

Saying that, I pulled off the little girl’s hood.

..*

..*

———!?

The moment I saw her face, I spontaneously stiffened.

The moment our eyes met, I thought I was gunna die.

Her eyes were so dark and stagnant that I’m pretty sure even demons don’t have such horrible eyes.

The next moment, just as I seemed to feel a prickling pain on my arm, the girl was fucking holding a sinister black tantou.

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit! She’s gunna kill me!

“HII-!?”

I reflexively let out a pathetic cry as I fell on my arse.

Before I knew it, the thing in front of my wasn’t a human woman anymore. It was a monster spurting out some black sludge from its whole body.

I backed away, trying to put even a little distance between us.

“\$%、&\$&%’#!”

And when I did, I heard a somewhat hard to comprehend cry.

Turning around, I found that the same fucking monsters were reaching out their tentacles to me.

“!/? UOOOOAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH———!!!”

“@#、*? # \$ & \$ &%!”

I tried my best to hit the thing, but there didn't seem to be any effect.

Far from it, before I knew it all the monsters had fucking surrounded me and were charging in at me at once.

I somehow managed to shake them off and got myself outside, but even there the place was filled with the things.

“What the fuck is going on with this town!?”

I don't even know who I was screaming at, but I started to run to escape this town of monsters.

..*

..*

..*



..*

When I came to, I was laying on the ground.

Holding my hand against my painfully throbbing head, I got up and looked around. Apparently I was in a field outside of Riemel. Although I was close to town, it wasn't as though there weren't any monsters. The fact that I didn't get eaten while lying around here was just good luck.

Anyway, it wasn't like I could get anything done here, so I decided to head back to town. I get the feeling that I've forgotten something incredible, but I can't remember what it was.

..*

..*

It was right afterwards that I was told that I had hit the guards and forcefully broken out of town, and starting from the entrance to town, I was stuck with being accused by a bunch of people about stuff I have no recollection about.

..*

Just what the fuck have I been doing!?

Side story 04: A Certain Slave's Salvation

Is in a sense one of the few (almost) completely serious chapters in this story.

It's a little depressing, so readers who are bad with it are advised to skip this chapter and read only the final three lines.

*

In the dark dungeon filled with despair, she was the only one who extended her hand to me.



This year was a bad harvest.

The crops in the field had shrivelled, and unable to even provide a good meal, they had no worth on the market. We had just a little bit saved up, but even so it wasn't enough for a family of five to pass the winter with.

When the slave merchants came to the village in their carriages, there was already nothing else we could do.

I have a father, a mother, a brother two years older than me, and a little brother one year younger. Because they needed the manpower of the boys, it was inevitable that I was the one sold.

Although I say 'sold', that wasn't exactly correct. Strictly speaking, we entered a contract of debt with the slave merchants.

The slave merchants gave my father a loan, and I became the security. If my father couldn't pay back the money, I would be sold as a slave. But from the beginning, we all knew that there was no chance of paying them back. It seems the slave merchants intended this as well because they told us that if we gave up on paying them back right away, they would give a better price.

While averting his eyes from me, father told the slave merchants right there that he couldn't pay them back.



I had hoped that something fortunate would happen after this misfortune, but it seems that Sacred Goddess-sama wouldn't permit such naivety.

Misfortune followed the misfortune, and on the carriage back to town, I contracted a fatal illness. It was tough to even raise my body, and my chest throbbed with pain. There were times when I even coughed blood.

There were two other slaves weak from disease, and out of worry of infecting the healthy ones, we were tossed into a heap on the carriage that held the luggage. The chances of being sold were lower because we were going to die, so the food we were given were less than the other slaves, but I couldn't really find the appetite either.

By the time the carriage finally reached Riemel, I was already at death's door.

In the slave merchant's shop, the three of us were put into the same cell. It was a cell for slaves on the verge of death like us. Because it was a waste of money, we weren't even allowed to wear clothing, and everybody just sat around the way they wanted. Even when we were first put into the cell, only half of the slaves in there made any response, and when I saw these people whose hearts had died in despair first, I felt heart chill over.

That was my future, and it wasn't a far off one.

I was told by the slave merchants that slaves on the verge of death were sold off to be killed.

Human shields against monsters for adventurers or bodyguards, or material for magical experiments. And although they weren't many, there were also those who simply wanted to satisfy their desires, and bought cheap slaves to use to death.

If we were sold, we would be killed. On the other hand, if we stayed

unsold like this, then before long as well...

A body wracked with pain being corroded by disease, and a heart that was corroded by despair that went beyond that.

Days where it seemed like my heart would die first passed by.

Customers came in before our cell a number of times, and the number of slaves in the cell decreased.



One day, the slave merchants brought another customer.

Still leaning against the wall, I hazily had a look.

Most of the customers so far had been male, but although I couldn't see their face under the black robe, this time they were probably a woman... And what's more, somebody who only seemed a little older than me.

After the slave merchant said something to them, that woman stepped forward and took off her hood herself.

The moment I saw her eyes, my heart that should have been on the verge of death, the verge of stopping, was for some reason trembling.

“This girl is?”

“Her name is Tena, and she’s 14 years old. She was born in a village a little distance from Riemel, and is a debt slave, but on the way here she was attacked by a fatal disease and she probably only has a month left to live.”

I unconsciously flinched at the slave merchant’s words. Although I knew that I didn’t have long to live, hearing somebody else talk concretely about how much longer I had made the fear of death well up in me.

I don’t... want to die...

“If it’s me, then I might be able to save her.”

… … … … … Eh?

It took a little while until I properly understood what the woman had said.

Save me? Is she going to save me?

I looked at the black eyes that were staring in my direction, but they were serious and didn’t look like she was lying. And for some reason, when I look her in the eyes, my heart can’t stay calm.

“I don’t have any proof, but if you’ll believe and accept me, then take this hand.”

With her words, the woman stretched her arm into the cage and held her hand out to me.

I looked at her face and her outstretched hand, dumbfounded, but I decided to trust in my agitated heart and took her hand. It was a fact that I wouldn’t be saved at this rate anyway, so I decided to follow my heart.

They cleaned my body, and I was able to wear clothes for the first time in a while. I was in chaos from all the things that had happened while I was in a daze, but when they put on the collar for slaves when they dressed me, I was finally conscious of the fact that I was being sold. Because I was too weak to even walk, one of the servant men carried me into the shop and laid me on the floor.

“Please touch her collar with your hand.”

Doing as she was asked, the woman that bought me stretched her hand out to the collar on my neck. After touching it for a while, the collar shone with light, and I heard a voice from somewhere.

『You have been enslaved to Anri.』

It was in that instant, that the woman—Anri-sama, became my master.

“With this, she’s become your slave, and has absolute obedience to you. Because she can’t walk, would you like us to call you a carriage?”

“I don’t need it; I’ll carry her.”

I was slow to react to the surprising words, so by the time I had realised, Anri-sama had already picked me up and placed me on her back.

In what kind of world does a master carry their servant? I tried moving my sluggish body to try and get down, but she was holding onto me tightly so I couldn’t. Because she didn’t seem to have any intention of letting me down, I stopped struggling.

But still, although she was a woman and so she wasn’t particularly big, Anri-sama was surprisingly strong. No matter how light I had become from growing thin, I shouldn’t have been so light that a woman could easily carry me.

But still, just why did she buy me? There aren’t many uses for a slave on the verge of death, but no matter what, I couldn’t imagine her to be a person who wanted a slave for those purposes.

Just as I was wondering where she was carrying me to, Anri-sama entered an alleyway and placed me down in an empty plaza. Without knowing why I had been brought here, I just looked up at Anri-sama dumbly.

“You swore to believe in me.”

“...Yes.”

The first words I had spoken in a while came out hoarsely, but it seems Anri-sama somehow understood me. She pointed her finger at my forehead.

“Divine Enchantment.”

『You have received divine protection from Anri.』

Together with the voice from before, I was engulfed in something black. It wasn’t uncomfortable or painful, but I could definitely feel something

inside me changing.

When the blackness disappeared, my appearance had completely changed. The clothing that had just been a hole in a cloth was now a high-class fabric decorated with ornaments, and the arms and legs that should've been nothing more than skin and bones had the meat return to them.

“Eh-... Ah-...”

With no idea of what had happened, I was looking at my limbs and clothes when I suddenly noticed that the plain that had been always been plaguing me was gone. It was like the pain that wracked me even just breathing had all been a lie.

The comment that Anri-sama had made in the dungeon, “I might be able to save her” came to mind.

It wasn’t a lie... She saved me...

“Thank you very much! Thank you very much!”

While crying and feeling relief at having my life saved, I held Anri-sama’s hand as I continued to thank her.



After crying for a while, I paled at what I had just done. As a slave, I had clung to my master as I bawled. I might be sold out of anger for my disrespect. I don’t want to think that Anri-sama who saved my life would do something like that, but it isn’t anything strange to be sold because you angered your master.

“Stand.””

“Y-, Yes-!”

Since I’d already done something terribly rude, I immediately obeyed and jumped straight up, so that I wouldn’t ruin her mood any further. Speaking of which, how long has it been since I was able to stand on my own? While thinking about stupid things like that, I waited in fear for her probable declaration of my abandonment.

“I want you to live at my home and do the housework and shopping.”

“...Eh?”

There were two things I couldn’t comprehend about her response, so I accidentally let out my voice. The first was that instead of being scolded like I thought, she went and left a task for me. The second was the contents of the task.

“Dissatisfied?”

“T-, That would be absurd! Only, umm... is just that much fine?”

Because she seemed to condemn me, I shook my head in a fluster, but I couldn’t help but voice my misgivings about the task. People go out of their way to buy slaves because the jobs that are need to be done are terribly difficult, or things that normal people didn’t want to do. But despite that, Anri-sama just asked me to do jobs that normal servants did, and weren’t at all the jobs that were left to a slave.

“Just that is fine. But, I live quite far from town, so shopping is quite a task.”

“Understood.”

Far from town?

I wonder where Anri-sama lives.

After that, Anri-sama kindly bought me shoes and underwear. Both were of a quality that you wouldn’t give to a slave, so in shock I tried to refuse, but because she told me that I definitely had to wear underwear, I did as I was told and gratefully accepted them.

Anri-sama.

In the dark dungeon filled with despair, she was the only one who extended her hand to me.

I still don’t know what on earth this person wants from me, but she saved me from certain death, so I’ll follow her to the ends of the world.

“Wai-, isn’t this place a dungeon!?”

“Well yeah, I’m a dungeon master.”

“_____!?”

Side story 05: A Certain Guildmaster's Melancholy

“Abnormalities in the Beginners Dungeon, you say?”

“Yes. There was a report from Lufree-san.”

When I skimmed through the report that made it to my office, I couldn't help but tilt my head in wonder.

The Beginners Dungeon is a dungeon closeby to Riemel, and although the dungeon master was already subjugated. Because of that, the dungeon is now dormant, but not dead.

It was originally a shallow dungeon with only 3 floors after all, making the monsters all weak. Because of that it was left under the jurisdiction of the Riemel Branch of the Adventurers Guild as a training ground for beginners. Although dungeons without a dungeon master won't grow anymore, as long as the dungeon core isn't broken, it'll continue to produce monsters and set traps, so it was a pretty effective training ground.

“The atmosphere and interior of the dungeon have changed, and the spawned monsters are stronger?”

In the past, the only monsters that spawned in the Beginners Dungeon were slimes and kobolds. But from what I can tell having read Lufree's report, wraiths and black steel golems appear now. Lufree was close to becoming one of the leading adventurers, but he reported that he couldn't match them at all.

“The revival of the dungeon master... No, it would probably be better to see this as the birth of a new dungeon master, wouldn't it.”

Dungeon masters are born when the naturally occurring dungeon cores form a contract with a monster, animal, or perhaps human or demon. Dungeon masters steal the mana of prey killed within the dungeon, and use that mana to develop the dungeon. If left alone, they can grow infinitely. Because of that, dungeon masters become subjugation targets.

Left alone it's quite likely that they could swallow a town or city before you know it, after all.

The dungeon core in the Beginners Dungeon was presumably in good shape, so it's probable that somebody or something came into contact with it and became the new dungeon master.

But what worries me is the fact that the spawned monsters are powerful, and that there's an ominous aura coming from within the dungeon. Both of these factors point to the new dungeon master being a considerably powerful being. A powerful monster, or... a demon.

“Call in Vaif’s team.”



“Pretty rare that you expressly call us over, ey, Guild Master?”

The next day, I went to meet the 4-man adventurer party that had responded to the request. They're the top rankers of Riemel Town, and at present, they're the highest ranking party that I can mobilise.

“I want to task you all with the investigation of this incident.”

After saying that, I handed Vaif the report from Lufree. After Vaif had a look through it, it was passed around the party.

“An abnormality in that Beginners Dungeon, ...huh? And why did you go out of your way to call us?”

“Call it my intuition. I have a feeling that things will get complicated.”

“My, my. Your intuition’s always been pretty good, after all.”

Investigating the level of risk this “Former” Beginners Dungeon posed was of utmost priority. If Lufree who is basically a core adventurer wasn't even a match for them, then unless it's a fairly powerful team they won't be able to determine how dangerous the dungeon is. That's why I couldn't be stingy.

“Please investigate with attention to details.”

“Understood. Leave it to us.”



“So, this report was the result?”

“...It shames me to say it.”

After reading the report from Vaif, I spoke to Vaif who was in front of me. Unlike the time when I dispatched him, his party members weren’t present. It seems they were quite depressed with the results of their investigation.

“I wasn’t particularly criticising you. You fulfilled the objective of determining the dungeon’s risk, so it doesn’t matter that you failed the request.”

Only, the results are much harsher than expected. Not even in my dreams did I imagine that Riemel Branch’s top rankers would be beaten on the 2nd floor.

Powerful monsters, difficult to deal with traps, and what’s more...

“Miasma?”

“Yeah, a troublesome one that affects the mind. It’s impossible to go deeper without countermeasures.”

Miasma is an aura released by evil beings, and while some corrode the body like poisons, some are like this one and cause negative influences on the spirit. It’s known that when it comes to dungeons, the nature of the dungeon master will be spread throughout the dungeon. In general, dungeons with miasma are home to high-ranked dungeon masters, and this is particularly true for dungeons with miasma that affects the mind.

Clerics with lots of practice can form barriers, and items consecrated by the Church of Sacred Light can protect against the miasma to an extent, but it doesn’t change the fact that it’s a troublesome problem.

“But still, you did quite well in surviving a wipeout in the dungeon.”

“Well yeah, normally you’d be eaten by monsters and die on the spot after all. I did mention that in the report just in case, but...”

Apparently, after they fainted, only their items and weapons were taken,

and before they knew it, they had been tossed into the dungeon entrance. This report was consistent with the one from Lufree the other day. Honsetly speaking, I don't understand it. I do believe that it's basically settled that there's a new dungeon master in the "Former" Beginners Dungeon, but the purpose of a dungeon should be to kill prey inside and steal their mana. Knocking them out, stealing their weapons and items, and then returning them alive... This is the first case of its kind.

"Well? What are you gunna do?"

Even if we agonise over the dungeon master's plan, it doesn't seem like we'll figure anything out. Just like Vaif said, it would probably be best to think about what we should do next. It's likely that he personally wants to re-challenge the investigation that left him in humiliation though.

"Let's see. I am thinking of spreading news of a request for countermeasures against a new dungeon. The reward should be about 30 gold coins."

"30 gold coins!? ...No, certainly that much might be necessary."

Honestly speaking, it's an extravagant sum for the subjugation of a completely new dungeon, but I don't think this is too much. Despite being shocked, Vaif as well immediately agreed. As long as even Vaif's team, top rankers in this branch, had trouble making progress, there isn't any choice except to hope for manpower from elsewhere. With this much money, we can probably expect people from all across the country to challenge this dungeon.

"As long as we're sending out a request, we need to think of a name for this dungeon, don't we. It's already a different dungeon to the Beginners Dungeon. Hmm, how about... "The Wicked Cave of the Robber"?"

"Fits it perfectly."

In light of the fact that it releases a fiendish miasma, as well as the fact that its purpose can only be assumed to be stealing weapons and items from adventurers, this was the name we gave it.

Now then, while I send out the request, I'd better contact the

Adventurers Guilds in other towns as well.

It seems things will get busy from now on.

That of all things, I would incur the wrath of the Evil God because of that name, was something that I hadn't even imagined at that time.

Side story 06: A Certain Mage's Grief

“The Wicked Cave of the Robber?”

“Yes, it was in the Guild announcement. Apparently it’s a new dungeon, but the reward for the subjugation of the dungeon master was 30 gold coins.”

“Thirty gold coins!?”

While sitting around a table in the inn’s tavern, we reported to each other the results of the information gathering when we split up into two groups in town.

A capture request for a new dungeon? But still, for a newly formed dungeon, that’s quite a sum attached isn’t it. That’s probably just how dangerous they think the dungeon might be though.

“Apparently a bunch of parties have already challenged it, but didn’t make much progress. Not only are there a bunch of strong monsters wandering about, there’s even talk about it being filled with miasma.”

“Miasma? It’s annoying stuff, but as long as we have Widdi we should manage somehow.”

She’s young, but Widdi’s power as a cleric is greater than the average bishop. On a good day, she can even rival an archbishop, so a barrier put up by her should be able to hold out the miasma.

“Well? What are we gunna do?”

“Hmm. If everyone agrees, I was thinking that we’d challenge it. It’s a bit of a detour though.”

I thought a little bit about what Arc said. We’re the Hero Party, and on our way to the Demon King in the Demon Territory, we just stopped over here in Riemel for a little, so going to capture the dungeon would definitely be making a detour.

Having said that though, thinking about Arc and Widdi’s personalities, they probably won’t be able to leave this town alone after all, and in high

level dungeons, you can get strong weapons and items as well. What's more, although we're not lacking in travelling money, it definitely never hurts to have more, so the reward is looking pretty good as well.

"Okay. Sounds good."

"I'm in too."

"I agree as well."

After I agreed, Zio and Widdi followed, and with our unanimous decision, we were now headed to challenge the new dungeon.



I had heard about how difficult the dungeon would be beforehand, but honestly speaking, I didn't think it would be this hard. The miasma floating around was thick enough that I'm pretty sure we'd be in trouble without Widdi's barrier, and the monsters prowling about were quite strong as well. On top of that, ever since we decided to take our break after the last barrier renewal, the monsters have been attacking more vigorously than ever, and sapped us of our stamina.

"Huuu, these monster attacks have been pretty crazy, haven't they."

"Isn't it because we badmouthed the dungeon master and angered him?"

I grumbled in complaint while repulsing a monster for the Nth time, and Zio frivolously replied.

"It certainly does feel like they're being sent here on purpose, huh."

"..."

Arc agreed as well, but Widdi alone didn't join in. Far from it, for some reason she was trembling with her head hanging.

"Widdi?"

"Oi, what's wrong?"

"You okay?"

Seeing that something was up, we all called out to her, but Widdi just wouldn't reply. But after a while, she finally gave her response with a

bright red face and teary eyes.

“U-, Umm... I-, I need to use the bathroom...”

“...”

“...”

“...”

I chased the men away with an ‘ahem’.

High-ranked adventurers though we may be, we can’t beat biology. It’s been quite a while since we entered the dungeon, and Widdi was apparently at her limits too. After making sure we were far enough that the men couldn’t see, Widdi immediately squatted against the wall. The monsters wouldn’t care about our circumstances so there was no way to let Widdi go off on her own, so as a fellow woman, I went with her to stand guard.

It’s awkward, but there’s really nothing we can do. There aren’t any toilets in a dungeon after all, so it can’t be helped.

...Or so I thought, but apparently this dungeon just got weirder and weirder.

Once we went down a floor, the very first room had the entrances to a men’s and women’s toilet. They were even meticulous enough to leave a sign plate.

“Suspicious.”

“Def suspicious.”

“Pretty suspicious.”

“Whyy! Had it been on the last floor then I wouldn’t have had to do something so embarrassing...-!”

Widdi was groaning in complaint for a different reason than the rest of us, but thinking about it normally, this is as suspicious as it gets. It’s

clearly unnatural to have a toilet in a dungeon. The chance of it being a trap are high. It's high, but...

"Arc, could you check to see if it's a trap?"

the truth is, I think I've just about hit my limit as well. If there are no traps, I'd like to use it. The divine protection on Arc's Holy Sword can check for traps, so I had him check for any problems.

"Uu... To think that I'd use the blessing of the Holy Sword to check the safety of a toilet. Sacred Goddess Sophia-sama, please grant me your forgiveness..."

In the end, he apparently didn't find any traps, so I gratefully used it.

Widdi was glaring at me hatefully, but I paid it no heed.



When we reached the 10th floor, we hit a snag in a certain room. In the middle of that room was a large pedestal, and words were carved into it.

"『Thee who wouldst come in challenge before the throne of the undying one, arrange correctly the stars.』 huh? Just what the heck could it mean?"

"There are many undead in this dungeon, so I believe that the "Undying One" refers to the boss of this dungeon."

Mn, that sounds right. I was thinking what Widdi said.

"I see. Then in other words, if we want to fight the dungeon master, then we have to "arrange correctly the skies", huh? I wonder what "arrange correctly the skies" means."

Geez, Arc sure is the same as ever. Even if you say 'I see', we still don't know the important part.

"They probably mean the celestial bodies, huh? I think that's what these marks on the pedestal represent."

On the pedestal, apart from the words were three square holes, and some kind of marks carved inside them. A mark that was a circle with jagged teeth around them, a mark like a wide arc, and a jagged mark with

five points.

“How are we supposed to arrange these marks? ...They don’t bloody move.”

“Seems that putting mana into it doesn’t work either, huh.”

Zio stuck his right hand into one of the holes and tried to move it sideways, but it didn’t seem to budge at all. It doesn’t look like something you can solve with brute force. Having said that though, it doesn’t seem to be a magical contraption either.

“Arc-sama, has the guidance of the Holy Sword not given any clues?”

“Sorry, nothing really...”

“N-, No! I apologise for asking too much!”

Widdi had entrusted a gleam of hope with Arc’s Holy Sword, but apparently that wasn’t working either.

Seeing Arc reply apologetically, Widdi frantically apologised.

“Even the Holy Sword from Sacred Goddess-sama can’t do a thing? Seriously? It’s a pretty hard question, hey? As someone whose specialty is using my body, this kind of thing is a bit much for me.”

“Don’t say things like that, and think together with everyone!”

It’s a problem with Arc too, but Zio is the type to do things by force without being very good at thinking. Having said that, pushing all the thinking work to Widdi and I would be troubling.

After that, we tried things like cutting at the pedestal with the Holy Sword, or trying to move the pedestal itself, but even after trying various things, we weren’t any better off.

“It’s not good. I haven’t the tiniest idea how to get the dungeon master to come out. I thought this place would be a shallow dungeon, so we didn’t prepare enough. It’s frustrating, but let’s withdraw for now.”

“T-, To withdraw right before the dungeon master...-!”

Well, I guess it can’t be helped. We’ve reached a dead end after all, and

just like Arc said, it's also a fact that we weren't prepared enough. Nobody imagined that a new dungeon would be this deep, so we only brought basic camping gear. It can't be helped.

We decided to give up and head back for the surface.



After that we decided to head back for Riemel to gather information, and a certain rumour reached our ears.

It was that the real Evil God was lurking in that dungeon.

“The Evil God? Honestly sounds like a fake, but...”

“But it's also a fact that it wasn't your average miasma in that dungeon.”

We realised after checking for ourselves, but the miasma in that dungeon wasn't something normal. It was at a level where you could believe it if somebody said the Evil God was in there. What's more, the monsters spawned were quite strong as well.

“What shall we do, Arc-sama?”

“...”

Widdi asked Arc, but he was at a loss for once, and sank into thought for a while.

“Honestly... it pains me to say it, but I don't think we can beat the Evil God as we are.”

The Evil God is the being that's said to create the Demon King, so there's definitely no mistaking that he's stronger than the Demon King. Right now we don't know if we can defeat the Demon King, but at the very least, we don't have much hope in defeating a being called a god.

“That's true.”

“Yeah, pretty sure that's too much.”

“It pains me to admit it as a follower of the Church of Sacred Light, but...”

Being a cleric, Widdi was making a bitter expression, but if we failed in vain here and became unable to defeat the Demon King, it would just be putting the cart before the horse. In the end, Arc's duty as the Hero was just to defeat the Demon King, and we the Hero Party were there to support him in that role.

"For now, we'll keep that dungeon in mind, and head to the Demon Territory first. If we safely defeat the Demon King, then at that time we'll come back here and challenge it again."

We all nodded back at Arc's strong declaration.

"But still, despite all the work we did, all we got in the end was this weird stone slab? Geez, what a bloody waste of time."

"Speaking of which, what on earth are these things?"

Speaking of which, we certainly did pick up this items on the 10th floor. There isn't any mana coming from it, and it only looks like a normal stone slab.

"I don't know either, but it was something found in the dungeon said to house the Evil God. It might actually hold some incredible power. There's a chance that it'll become our trump card in the fight against the Demon King."

"That would be nice, but..."

Now then, now that we're done with our detour, I guess tomorrow we'll be beginning our journey towards the Demon King Castle.

I guess I'll pray that we make it safely back to this town again.

Arc held the up Stone Slab of the Moon to the sky.

But nothing happened.

Side Story 07: A Certain Undying King's Loyalty

It felt as though something was pulling me.

Is this... a summon?

Fumu, it has been a long while since I have been called forth.

As I recall, the last time was by a court magician from somewhere, although he now serves as my retainer.

If chance permits, this time I desire a summoner to be somebody worthy of me.

I am——a king.

With countless retainers under my management, I am the King of Undead.

The summoner though they may be, a king does not kneel.

If they are an incompetent fool who tries to subordinate me, I shall immediately give them their last breath, and add them to my retainers instead.

With an enormous mana as the compensation, my body was able to materialise.

I see. If they are able to use this much mana without issue, then at the very least they have ability.

And thus, I manifested myself.

What I saw through my empty eye sockets was a room somewhere. Before me was a blue crystal enshrined on a pedestal, and next to it was a human girl clad in blac——!?

“.....ah.....”

As an undead, I no longer possess a heartbeat. However, in that instant, there was no doubt that I had experienced that long-lost sensation of having my pulse quicken. Even this body that needed not to breath had

become speechless due to the shock.

AAH, AAHH, AAAHHH... I know.

The overwhelming power in those dark and ominous eyes, and more than anything, that atmosphere.

Although she had taken the form of a human girl, there was no doubt. This personage was, this personage alone was the god that I ought to worship.

The god that I had worshipped back when I was a human, and yet died before witnessing. It was a memory sunk deep into the oblivion of time, and yet, as I now recall, the reason that I gained this undead body was for the sake of my dream of one day gazing upon my god.

“.....oh.....”

The impatience of trying to find something to say had slipped out of my mouth.

“I’m Anri. I want to leave the defence of this floor to you.”

While I was unable to form words, God spoke to me.

Anri-sama! So this was the name of my god!

What’s more, to think that she would entrust a mission to me!

“Let’s get along.”

After saying that, Anri-sama, placed her hand against the blue crystal and teleported me.

Although I was unable to speak a single word in the end, at the very least, I knelt and deeply bowed during the teleportation in order to demonstrate my loyalty.



The days where I waited for intruders upon the throne that Anri-sama granted me continued on.

This throne was something that Anri-sama had gone out of her way to create for me in the room that I was in charge of. I was in joy, and my

loyalty was renewed, but I found myself lacking the chance to demonstrate my loyalty.

The floor I was entrusted with protection was the 10th floor. Most intruders fell on the 3rd floor, and almost nobody made it this deep.

The other day, a party had finally made it to the 10th floor, but for some reason they retreated before the door to my room. I was only able to sense their presence, and do not know why they retreated, but, hmm, in that case, could it be that they sensed my presence and avoided battle? It was quite a wise decision, yet, at this rate I will not be granted the chance to demonstrate my loyalty to Anri-sama.

“...So they’ve come.”

However, that changed. The chance I had been craving had finally come by. Although they spent a while doing something or other before the door, in the end the door opened, and an uninvited guest entered. The one who entered was a young girl with silver hair, but having come this far, it was impossible that she was weak. And moreover, this aura... I see. So she was a kin of the Demon King.

“Welcome, my guest. You are the first one to have reached here.”

“I see. So you’re the No Life King mentioned on the pedestal? It seems that you have what it takes to be arrogant, huh.”

Arrogant...? I see, so I was arrogant.

Indeed, before I met Anri-sama, you could say that I was arrogant. I hadn’t admitted that there was anybody above me. Of course, I have long since abandoned such thoughts.

“Indeed, the one before you is the one who governs many retainers, the King of the Undead. Even in the face of a Demon King, I have no intention of kneeling.”

Indeed; I have sworn loyalty to Anri-sama. I also abandoned the thought of being peerless.

However, even so, I remain the King of the Undead. The only one I will

bow to is Anri-sama alone, and though she may have the blood of the Demon King, I will absolutely not yield.

“It seems that you know what I am. I originally planned on just beating you down, but I’ve changed my mind. You can just quit being a dungeon master, and serve I who will one day inherit the throne.”

“I said that I would not kneel. Do not push your luck, lass.”

You shall regret those haughty words.

“Then I’ll make you submit by force!”

“Come. Adding the daughter of a demon king to my retainers would also be amusing!”



It felt as though something was pulling me.

After I was defeated by the daughter of the Demon King, my body had crumpled, and yet for some reason, although it should have faded, my consciousness remained. And my consciousness was now being drawn somewhere. It was a feeling unlike the summoning from the other day. It was almost as though... Right, almost as though I was being assimilated with something else that was being summoned.

And then I once again materialised.

Like the exact same scene from the other day, I caught sight of the god that I had pledged my loyalty to.

Was this... Had Anri-sama resurrected me? Aahh, what deep compassion she has for somebody who was defeated and unable to fulfil his mission.

“Anri-sama...”

“...?”

I immediately dropped to my knee, and showed my loyalty. In the past I had displayed embarrassing behaviour due to my shock, but because this was my second time, I was able to take action.

Anri-sama seemed to be bewildered by something, but she immediately spoke to me.

“I want to leave the defence of the 10th floor to you.”

“Understood. I shall use my all to defeat the enemy for you.”

I received the same order as previously. I blundered once, but never again.

“Also... just in case, take this.”

With those words, Anri-sama stretched her hand towards me, and touched my forehead.

*

Chapter 16 Revival Flag ⇒ Complete

Strengthening Flag ⇒ ON

Side Story 08: A certain Demon Princess

The large doors opened.

What lay before my eyes was a large room similar to an audience room, and at a place further into it on a platform a step higher than the ground, was a throne.

On the throne sat the one who was likely the ruler of this place; a girl with black hair.

Clad in a black robe, that girl gazed straight at me as I stood by the entrance, and even from a distance, I could clearly feel her gaze.

The moment that our eyes met, the instincts in my body screamed at me to run. Sweat suddenly began to drip, and I could feel myself grow pale. I'm sure that right now I've gone beyond pale, into pure white. My arms and legs began to tremble on their own, and as my teeth chattered, I could hear the sounds making as though it were happening to somebody else. And by the time that I noticed all this, I finally understood what this feeling was.

—Fear. No, since I was feeling this because of an absolutely unopposable being, perhaps I should call it terror and awe.

In the face of this weight of presence that exceeded even my father, His Majesty, I could do nothing but atrophy like a powerless rabbit.

This is bad this is bad this is bad... I've disrespected an unfathomable person.

Moved by some irresponsible rumour, on top of invading their territory, I went and defeated their gate guard, the No Life King. If somebody went and did that at the Demon King Castle, we definitely wouldn't forgive them. We'd definitely soak them in a bloodbath, and if the enemy was a country, then we'd even be willing to go to war.

...Country?

The moment I noticed this, I was hit by an impact like a strike to the head.

That's right. The situation is already at a point that won't end with just me. As someone with the blood of the Demon King, the things that I've done could very well be taken as the outlook of the entire Demon Race Territory, no, rather, taking it that way would be natural. I regret the rash actions that I've taken, but it's already too late.

This is a being who is powerful enough to make the daughter of the Demon King feel awe; I can't even imagine what a disaster it would be if this power turned towards our country.

I need to appease their anger here no matter what. To do so, I must not hesitate even if I need to offer myself to them; that is the responsibility of those born with the blood of the Demon King.

I was still frozen at the entrance, but if I stay standing here, I will be in danger of upsetting them. While suppressing my desire to escape, I stepped into the room.

With each step that I took, the pressure that I was thrust in front of continued to grow. While enduring this trial that felt like forcing myself against a river current, with a sense of duty and terror flaring up, I desperately moved my feet forward. Just the walking alone wore down the strength of my body, and of my will.

At a place a short distance from the throne, I stopped moving.

It's no good... I can't go on anymore... Thankfully it's close enough to speak, so I'll just talk from here.

My actions so far have probably given them a bad impression; my first words will probably be very important.

"Nice to meet "Please excuse my actions!" ...you?"

I placed both hands and knees on the ground, and deeply bowed.

It's a posture of expressing one's greatest apology that a summoned hero once told us about—the dogeza.

Wha-, oh no! I accidentally cut off their words. This is rude in itself.

Hmph! At this point I have no choice but to rain apologies down upon

them.

“Um, “I deeply apologise for my many acts of rudeness! If it’s something I can do, I will do anything! So, please... please have mercy on my countrymen!” ”

A-, Again!?

Uuu, what terrible luck I have...

“No, you really need to “I beg of you, please punish me alone.” ...listen to me.”

———— -!?

Coupled with those cold words was a knife that was thrown, stabbing into the floor before my eyes. In terror, I let out a voiceless scream.

This is bad. I’ve angered somebody that I absolutely couldn’t displease.

“Raise your head, and stand.”

“H-, However...”

“Just do it.”

Being firmly told that, I sensed that staying in this posture any longer would have the opposite effect, so I snapped upright. I was going to try and explain myself for displeasing them, but before that, she spoke to me first.

“I’m not angry.”

“Eh?”

I was trembling with fear about what she would say to me, but what came were words I hadn’t even imagined, so I accidentally made a foolish sound.

“I have no intention of punishing you either.”

“T-, Truly!?”

She spoke her words blandly, but being told that like a small child being taught, I finally realised that she wasn’t hostile. Because the relief was so

great, tears came out. With this, my country won't be destroyed.

"And also, about the 10th floor boss..."

"R-, Right! Of course I shall carry out my duties with all my heart!"

"You don't need to do it."

"Pardon?"

In order for my country to escape retribution, I had prepared myself for what I thought would be inevitable, but I completely avoided it. No, I mean, it helps to not have to serve her, but now I'm anxious about whether that's really all right.

"In exchange, there's a favour I'd like to ask."

"W-, Whatever you would like!"

S-, So it really wouldn't end so easily. It seems that she wants to make me do something in exchange.

No, certainly, having the matter end with just me is still a cheap price to pay. The cause of all this was because of my rash and blind conduct, so no matter what kind of humiliation or pain, I have to make peace with it.

Now then, what is it? What do you wish of me!?

"I want you to be my friend."

.....Huh?

Frehnd?

Aah, 'friend'? ——wai-, friend!?

"F-, Friend...?"

S-, She wants to become friends with me? What on earth is she thinking about?

I am not proud, but in the 16 years since I've been born, I have never had a single friend. Even if she tells me that she wants to be friends, I don't know what to do. It isn't my fault; being born as the Demon Princess meant that from the beginning there was no chance of building up a

relationship of equals. It is definitely not because of my appearance or my demeanour. That is what I would like to believe.

Oh, no good. Either way, I have no choice but to accept their request. Honestly speaking, I would feel far more relieved had they told me to become their subordinate, or had they whipped me, but...

“U-, Understood! Please allow me to humbly become your friend.”

“We’re friends, so you don’t need the keigo.”

“Unders... Got it.”



We moved to Anri’s residential area on the 31st floor, and I received a warm welcome.

She told me that she was a human at the same time that she introduced herself, but honestly speaking, unbelievable. It’s unbelievable, but her adventurer card says that she belongs to the human race as well, so I have no choice but to believe. The person herself said that she received the skills from the Evil God, and since the feeling of terror softened once she moved her gaze away, I could confirm that the skill was the cause. Apparently apart from her gaze, she also has an aura that brings about fear, but that one is only at the level of giving you chills, so there apparently isn’t a problem.

We ended up being able to speak to each other normally as long as our eyes didn’t meet, but at any rate, this is my first friend, so I wasn’t sure about how close or distant we were supposed to be.

However, even I know that being dunked in the bath by a friend you’ve only just made is not normal.

And well, I was worried about how I was smelling since I was all dirtied with blood and sweat from searching the dungeon, but being told that so frankly really pierced my heart. But it’s also the truth that I was thankful. I wouldn’t have thought that I’d get to have a bath in a dungeon.

The baths that I’m used to are tubs that you filled with hot water, about

a size you can wrap your arms around, but when I saw that the bath here was shockingly half of the room, and was always filled with water even without going out of your way to fill it up, I ended up dumbfounded.

I took off my armour, and then took off my dress and got nude, before sinking into the bathtub.

“.....Huu.”

I reflexively leaked a sigh. The feeling of the warmth of the water sinking into my body couldn't be topped. Because various things happened, it seemed that more weariness had built up than I'd expected, and my consciousness accidentally dimmed.

The sound of a knock brought me back from my nap, and I raised my almost submerged face in a fluster. Whoa, whoa. I almost drowned. I don't know how long I was out of it, but from the pruning of my fingers, it seems that it wasn't short.

“Please excuse me.”

Together with those words, a beautiful blonde girl entered the bathroom. The knock from before was probably her. The girl wearing the strange black outfit is named Tena, and was introduced as Anri's follower.

“I'll leave your change of clothes here, if that's all right.”

“Yeah, thank you.”

It seems that she brought me a change of clothes. The dress I was wearing up until now was quite dirtied, so I was actually wondering what I'd do. I hadn't really minded up until I got into the bath, but now that I'm all clean, wearing dirtied clothes again would feel bad, so I'm feeling that I should just accept it and be thankful.

“I can wash the clothing you were wearing but, will you be all right with that?”

“Yeah, thanks. Can I ask you to do that for me?”

I feel bad having her do everything from beginning to end for me, but I've never done anything like laundry before, so I had no choice but to rely

on her.

Tena picked up the dress and armour that I'd been wearing, and left the bathroom.

I accidentally fell asleep while in the bath, so having not properly cleaned myself yet, I began washing myself from the hair down.

After that, I relaxed in the bath some more, before finally decided to get out with regret.

Using the towel that had been placed besides my change of clothes without me noticing, I wiped down my body, and after drying myself, I put on the clothing...

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

Wai-, I'm supposed to wear this clothing covered in frills!?

*

The truth is, Leonora-sama was frilly all throughout the girls' talk.

Side story 09: A Certain Founder's Faith

When I was young, the world seemed filled with colour.

At the time, I had never doubted the flowery lifestyle I had been born into as a noble.

I wasn't the eldest son so I couldn't inherit the household, but because our family was high ranked I assumed that I would be wedded into some other family, and in fact that was what my father was thinking about.

In the Kingdom of Fortera, the nobility were split into three rough factions. The first was the Royalist Faction; a gathering of nobles that pledged their allegiance to the king and royal family. The second was the Feudal Lords Faction; a faction that pushed for the benefits of nobles, and occasionally opposed the Royalists Faction. Finally, was the Church Faction; a gathering of nobles with deep connections to the Church of Sacred Light, and took a neutral stand in the scuffle between the other two factions.

The power of the nation was roughly divided into 4 parts Feudal Lords, 3 parts Royalists, 2 parts Church, and 1 part for all the other factions, as well as those individualistic nobles that didn't join any factions at all.

Because my family was a powerful family within the Church Faction, I had joined the Church of Sacred Light when I was young, and often met with people from the Church. When I was young I had just simply believed in what I was taught, and worshipped the Sacred Goddess, but as I grew older and came into contact with the Church more and more, I began to see reality.

Widespread bribery and debauchery, fat ministers who thought only about exploiting the believers; a vulgar situation unlike the public image.

By that time, I was old enough to know that there wasn't any meaning in screaming 'this is wrong'. The upper echelons who were foremost in this injustice would surely pay me no heed. The nobility in the Church Faction weren't pious either, and were a group of nobles who wanted to use the Church's backing to gain profits, and people who actually had

faith were the minority. It was obvious that trying to expose this unfairness would just fall upon deaf ears.

Being afraid of isolation, I decided to keep my feelings locked in my heat. And before long, my faith had left me.

My colourful world had been a grey world painted in falsehoods.

..*



..*

Now that I had found it bothersome to deal with nobility or the Church, although I kept up appearances, I would occasionally sneak out of my house. Having said that though, it wasn't as though I had anywhere I wanted to go. I just wanted to see a world with colour, and so I spent my time walking around town dressed like a commoner. Unlike the world of nobles or the Church, the town still seemed filled with colour.

It was around this time that I hid my identity and registered as an adventurer. To begin with, as a noble of the Church Faction, I had been brought up in the use of a mace. Because of that, I immediately distinguished myself in the Guild. Before I knew it, I had made companions to do the requests with, and as I spent each day having fun, the colour came back to the world——up until my companions died from wounds during a request.

They were heavy wounds, but by no means were they heavy enough that they wouldn't be saved. If they were carried into a church and received the healing of a cleric, they should have been able to live longer. The problem was that the bishops that could use high level healing magic were all occupied with the Noble Faction, and healing for just an adventurer was left for later. Once you excluded the bishops, the Church only had young clerics, and you couldn't hope for proper healing from them.

Had I used my family name, I might have been able to give them priority, but at the same time it would mean exposing my background and

it was clear that I wouldn't be able to spend time with them like we had been. In order to save my companions, I had to cut my ties with them; because of this decision, I couldn't come to a decision. By the time I had finally decided to expose myself, my companions had already stopped breathing.

The world once again returned to grey.

For my own conveniences, I had abandoned my companions. Because of that, I couldn't live the way I had been anymore. I lamented and regretted, but my companions wouldn't return.

I stopped showing up at the Guild, and spend my days drinking cheap liquor in a tavern.

One day, a man I knew from the bar invited me to a certain gathering. The group didn't have a name, but having originally been close with the Church, I immediately realised who they were——a gathering of those who worshipped the god that the Church referred to as the Evil God. The past me would probably have scorned them and stayed away, but having half given up on myself, I participated in the gathering.

And then I came across my second, and final faith.

In the gathering, they talked about the injustice of the Church of Sacred Light, as well as the God that opposed the Sacred Goddess.

The former were things that I had always thought about, and kept hidden in my heart without talking to anyone about. Having found a place where people sympathised with me for the first time, I rejoiced.

As for the latter, although the Church of Sacred Light had spoken about that god as well, they taught that that God was an evil being that wished for the meaningless destruction of the world. No, I'm sure the truth was that the Church of Sacred Light simply couldn't tell why they wanted to destroy the world.

When the people of the world fall into depravity, the true God will save them through destruction. To the depraved Church of Sacred Light, it's obvious that such a god would be bad news for them. Because the

Church, as well as the Sacred Goddess they worshipped concealed their depravity, they persecuted this god as the Evil God.

I had found a being truly worthy of my faith.

While secretly using the authority and assets of my family, as well as my connections with the Church that I shunned, I elevated myself within our Faith.

..*



..*

There was a rumour that the god that we worshipped had descended to a certain dungeon. It was information I had obtained from the Church of Sacred Light, but because this was a matter of importance to them as well, it was hard to think that these were lies. If it turned out to be true, we needed to welcome God at all costs.

Having been recognised for my contributions to the cause, I had been left in charge of this area, and so I directed my fellow believers to Riemel where the dungeon was.

..*

Because the believers of the Sacred Light would get in the way if they found out, we decided to split up and head for the dungeon entrance, and meet up once it was time. Fortunately, there didn't seem to be any adventurers visiting the dungeon at night, so there was nobody but us.

Because there was a large room on the 1st floor, we decided to hold the ritual there. The believers set up the fire, cauldron and altar whilst I meditated until the ritual began in order to heighten my concentration.

..*

After a while, all the believers had gathered, and the ritual began.

We burnt an incense that uplifted one's mind, and heightened our concentration to call forth God. Because I was the one managing things I was wearing a priest's outfit, but the other believers removed their

bothersome clothes to cast off their ties to the world. There were also believers who lay with each other to offer that lust to our God.

Feeling the surge of piety and that everything was progressing smoothly, I walked to the middle of the room, and raised my right hand. The frenzied believers immediately went silent, but they were as feverish as ever... No, that feverish enthusiasm had increased.

“We now begin the ritual of offerings!”

Together with my shout, the believers all raised cries of joy.

They prepared a stone altar, and lay atop it the girl that had been bought as a sacrifice.

“Nnnnnn————!!”

It pained my heart to see the girl struggling in tears, but this too was for the sake of our faith. I believe that her soul will be retrieved by our God to serve as the cornerstone of the new world.

“O god of ours, please accept our humble offering.”

With those words, I brought down the raised dagger towards the girl’s heart.

I felt the feeling of cutting flesh that I had experienced in my adventurer days, together with a splash of fresh blood... That’s what should have happened, but the next thing that I felt was the sensation of stabbing at something hard, and the sparks that came with it.

The dagger than I had swung downwards had faintly marked the stone altar, and snapped at the tip. The girl that should have accepted the dagger with her body was nowhere to be seen.

What-, just what was going on!?

Where had the girl sacrifice gone?

Although I had fallen into confusion from the sudden events, I immediately realised what had happened.

The girl was tied up before me; she had no means to escape on her own,

and there was no way I wouldn't have noticed had somebody else rescued her.

If there was someone who could do such a thing, then it could only have been our God!

We had always been faithful until now, but the power of our faith was insufficient, and so we had never received a response from God.

However. However! This time, for the first time, God had shown a response to our ritual!

Aahh, the rumours were true! Our God had truly descended!

In my joy, I made an announcement to the believers.

"Have you all not seen it yourself!? Our God has accepted our humble offering."

Perhaps my words had finally made them realise the situation because cheers of joy rang all around. Satisfied, I faced the direction that I believed our God was watching from, and waited for Their words.

..*

..*

『...Untasty.』

However, the words that came to me were much too unexpected. What's more, the voice was that of a female, still young. The sex of our God had never been recorded, but was She a goddess?

No, I can worry about that later. If She wasn't satisfied, then as her faithful servants, we needed to apologise.

"Eh-? Ah-... Please excuse us! Umm, did it not suit your esteemed palate?"

『Humans, demons, unpalatable. Oxen, pigs, chickens, goats—animals recommended.』

Oohhh, God of ours. Are you asking us to go buy you meat from the butcher?

“U-, Understood! U-, Um... I am truly sorry to trouble you, but is there no mistake in that you are our God?”

I know quite well that it was insolence to ask such a thing, but I couldn't help but do so. We had been granted the humble chance to exchange words with the god who had been silent thus far. This was something I needed to determine, even at the cost of my life.

『Indeed.』

“Oohhh! Receiving your words is the acme of honour!”

It was. It really was our God!

I could feel my body being filled with joy and emotion.

『Although it did not suit my palate, it is true that you have done me service with your offering. As such, I bestow this staff.』

Together with this unexpected praise appeared a single staff atop the altar.

A jet black staff that seemed to house all the darkness of the world; simple though it looked, it was a staff with a polished design, and even without touching it, I could feel an incredible power emanating from it.

“T-, This is!? T-, To think that I would be granted a divine weapon-!”

This overwhelming power was unmistakably a divine weapon.

I took the presented staff in hand, and trembled from joy.

Aahh, I was born all for this moment.

『Continue to be zealous in your faith.』

“Understood-!”

Of course. You needn't even say it. My faith and devotion is all for your sake.

Raising the bestowed staff into the air, I turned towards the believers and shouted.

“As of this moment, I declare myself as the Founder of our Faith who

will guide everyone on their path! This staff bestowed from God is the proof of my faith! Those who object, speak now!"

It was as good as declaring a supersession within the Faith, but even the previous leaders of the Faith could not deny the truth that I had been bestowed a divine weapon from God. No, rather, I would not allow them to deny it.

God told me to continue to endeavour in my faith; even if they were the "Former" Founder, I would not allow them to get in the way of my faith.

"As Founder Harvin, I declare that we will build upon this place a temple to worship our God!"

Now then, things are going to get busy from now on.

..*

..*

Aahh, the colours of the world are brighter than ever!

..*

..*

..*

Later on, the "Former" Founder and leaders from various areas reproached me for naming myself Founder, but as proof that God had directly acknowledged my faith, nobody could stop me from becoming Founder any longer.

After all, apart from myself, nobody could hold the divine weapon, and even if I let it out of my hands, it would return to my side. There was no doubt that this was proof that I had been chosen.

Oohh, God of ours! I shall follow you to the end!

..*

..*

..*

*

TL: There's a line that reads '中には信徒同士交わることでその陰気を神への供物とする者も居ます。' but I'm assuming 陰気(melancholy/gloom/Yin) here was a typo for 淫氣(lust). Normally I'd say this for sure, but then this is an Evil God and everything, and there's a tiny chance that I'm overlooking some cultural thing.

Side story 10: A Certain Prince's Despair

"You-! This is plain harassment!"

General Godwin struck the round table in the center of the conference room with his fist.

"I understand how you feel, but calm down, General. His Majesty is here."

"F-, Forgive my rudeness!"

Chastised by the Prime Minister Lord Forgen, the angry General Godwin suddenly came back to his senses and apologised to my father in a fluster.

"It's fine. I feel the same way."

Not just my esteemed father; it was likely that nobody gathered here would blame the General's words. The reason was because the people here all held the same feelings.

At present, the topic of discussion for the group called the Royalists Faction was that the Church of Sacred Light had declared an edict for the formation of the Order of the Sacred Light. It was an edict regarding the subjugation of a group of adherents of an Evil God cult that were gathered in a certain dungeon near our kingdom, Fortera. But no matter who looked at the situation, it was clearly an overreaction to form and mobilise the Order of Sacred Light just to subjugate a group of cultists not even numbering 1000.

The Church of Sacred Light claimed that it was because traces of a being that appeared to be the Evil God was witnessed in the dungeon in question, and the formation of the Order was necessary for the sake of its investigation, and if possible sealing or subjugation.

There was no lie more barefaced.

Because the higher-ups of each nation knew that the Evil God was a fictitious threat created by the Church, after all. The Church wasn't seriously aiming for the subjugation of the Evil God either, and the other nations passed this suggestion knowing quite well that it was a lie.

“So it really was because of the proposal from the other day.”

“That seems to be the case. There are no other reasons.”

The Church of Sacred Light is the largest religion in the Human Territory, and is the official religion of all nations. Because of that, the money that each nation donates to the Church’s headquarters, the Luxiria Theocracy is no small amount. Of course, our Fortera is no exception.

However, because the crops and tax yields in our kingdom were anticipated to be lower than average this year, we declared that we would be reducing next year’s contribution to the Theocracy.

There was probably no doubt that it was correct to interpret this edict as revenge for the contribution announcement.

Although it was the formation of the ‘Order of Sacred Light’, in truth it was a coalition force of the knights and soldiers of various countries. With an edict from the Luxiria Theocracy, they expected participation from various countries, but because it was officially participation in order to fulfil their duties towards the Church of Sacred Light, there was no remuneration. If this was the invasion of the Demon Territory, then there would be de facto remuneration in the form of territory distribution, but because this time was the formation of the Order in order to solve a domestic issue, there would be no such thing.

Of course, our kingdom has no responsibility to give out remunerations for this. But despite this, if a domestic issue of ours is solved by the military of other nations, we’ll end up owing a debt, and would need to take this into account in future diplomatic exchanges.

“Revenge, and an example to the others, huh.”

“You could certainly interpret this as a show of force through the difference in military power.”

The other nations probably understand the Church’s purpose in this edict as well.

Not to mention that they’re sending this message as well: ‘If you report

that you'll be decreasing your donation, this is what will happen to you.'

"It's too late to change the donation back, isn't it."

"Now that the formation of the Order has already been announced, it is probably impossible. And to begin with, the reason we reported a reduction was because we couldn't pay it. You can't use money that you don't have."

"..."

"..."

The meeting sank into silence.

..*

..*

"So, what will you do? We received a strong suggestion that as one of the nations involved we should scout out the location and set up camp, but..."

"Making us do subordinate work on top of harassing us, huh? Just how much do they intend on messing with our kingdom."

Both scouting and setting up camp formations are certainly important for an army, but it's difficult to gain achievements for doing it. The more achievements another country gains, the larger the debt our kingdom will owe them, so this too was a form of harassment.

But this was a good chance as well.

"I shall lead the army and head for the battlefield."

"Your Highness!?"

Hearing my declaration, the people sitting around the round table all turned their gazes to me.

"Hmm, and your intention?"

"Pretend to scout and set up camp, and just subjugate the enemy at the same time. We might be slandered for acting arbitrarily by the other nations and the Church, but this should be better than letting them gain

large achievements and owing them a large debt. If we say that the young commander was anxious for merits, it shouldn't seem unnatural."

I answered my father's question with my plan.

The other nations might be quite disgruntled because they had gone out of the way to prepare their armies, but as long as they hadn't actually headed for battle, they probably wouldn't be able to strongly demand anything from us.

The Church of Sacred Light probably won't stay silent, but given that their official aim was the subjugation of the Evil God and cultists, they shouldn't be able to openly criticise us.

"But there should be no need for you to take the blame, Your Highness."

"As a member of the royal family, the other nations shouldn't be able to strongly reproach me. If any other commander does it, they may demand punishment."

Even if they can't publicly condemn the Kingdom, it's entirely possible that they would blame the commander personally for disobeying orders. Once you consider this, I can't leave the role to the generals.

Perhaps because they understood my intentions, the Prime Minister and General reluctantly fell into silence.

"How is it, Your Majesty?"

"...Very well. I shall leave it to you."



Having set up camp in front of the dungeon in question, I gazed at the Evil God worshippers before me.

The enemy had also set up a military formation, but you could say that it was entirely crude. On top of the fact that they barely reached a thousand people, there were elderly people, as well as women and children mixed in, so they wouldn't even put up a proper fight. It was obvious that they didn't even have enough troops to set up an ambush, so I had faith that as long as I sent the soldiers forward, we would easily

crush them.

Honestly speaking, it was strange that having come to this they still hadn't run away and scattered, but was this also because of their disgusting piety?

Having thought that far, I accidentally let a wry smile slip.

"Your Highness?"

"No, it's nothing."

Finding my smile strange, General Godwin had questioned me, and I told him not to worry.

Disgusting piety, huh?

The fact that I can't understand those who would worship something like the Evil God hadn't changed, but after this incident, the piety that we the Forteran Royal Family had towards the Church of Sacred Light had fallen to rock bottom. Of course, there was no way we could reveal such thoughts to the citizens after all, and we certainly weren't opposed to Sacred Goddess-sama, but at the very least, I had no intention of believing in the corrupted Church that was rampant with money-worshipping. Both as the prince, and as a person.

Between the believers of the Evil God who were risking their lives, and the people who secretly demanded money under the flag of the Sacred Light, just who was better? When I started wondering this, I found it so funny that I couldn't help but smile.

*
..

*
..

Lightly shaking my head, I switched gears.

—Both of them were the same.

If they threaten our kingdom, then they must be eliminated. This was my duty as a member of the Forteran Royal Family.

"Look at the formation of these evil bastards, General! What a pathetic

formation.”

“Indeed.”

With the General by my side, I looked at the cultists in front of me before speaking in a loud enough voice that the knights and soldiers around us could hear.

“With an enemy more worthless than garbage, can’t we subjugate them on our own even without the Order’s main forces?”

“Indeed, however we were instructed to scout and set up formation.”

Reciting our lines exactly as planned, it felt like I had become a clown. However, that didn’t matter. What I wanted to become was a foolish and hot-blooded prince.

“We can end things if we attack now. There is no need for either scouting nor formations.”

“Your Highness, that is...”

But still, the General... can’t he do anything about that acting? Isn’t he speaking in monotone?

“That is of no concern! Sitting here while the cultists lie before us will incur the wrath of Sacred Goddess-sama! All troops, commence mar—!?”

..*

..*

Just as I was about to give orders, at that moment, the sound of an explosion resounded around us. At the same time, something seemed to rise before our eyes.

“——!?”

As I was speechless from the confusion at this incomprehensible scene, that made itself known.

..*

“...”

“...”

“...”

Everybody looked up dumbly at the scene.

In a place that had been a simple clearing until now, suddenly rose an ominous, yet somehow divine feeling temple.

..*

Were my eyes telling the truth...?

Wasn't this almost a feat of God? It couldn't be that the Evil God truly resided in this dungeon, could it?

But no, the Evil God was supposed to be an imaginary being concocted by the Church.

However, this scene was...

..*

Almost as though cornering us in our bewilderment, the abnormal scene continued.

Night suddenly fell around us, and the surroundings were filled with faint light.

I could feel that this series of abnormalities had caused chaos to spread through the soldiers.

The General and I tried to call our to sooth the soldiers, but sooner than we could, a staircase of darkness stretched down from the top floor of the temple to the ground.

..*

Neither I, nor the General, nor the soldiers nor the cultists did anything but turn our gazes to those stairs.

No, strictly speaking it wasn't the stairs that we were watching, but the one descending them.

..*

At a glance, they seemed to be a girl.

With a relatively small figure with jet black hair and a jet black robe, they slowly descended the staircase with two girls in tow.

Everybody had forgotten how to speak, and held their breath as they looked up at that figure.

Finally, when that figure had reached a landing halfway down, we could see the face that had been invisible until now.

A face with features beautiful like a doll, and a turbid gaze that seemed not of this world... Glared at by those eyes, I felt goosebumps all across my body.

In the midst of this silence, devoid even of the sound of breathing, I unconsciously muttered,

“... Evil God.”

In that moment, the word ‘Evil God’ seemed to spread like wildfire through the soldiers.

“RUNNN!”

The moment that somebody shouted that, our formation collapsed.

Both the soldiers and the knights ran away in chaos.

Given our positions, the General or I would normally have needed to stop that. But, we couldn’t.

And the reason was because both the General and I as well, had lost all thought of remaining there from the sheer terror.

Together with the soldiers, we turned our backs to that temple as we ran towards town as fast as we could.

..*

..*

..*

..*

I thought that the Evil God was just some fictitious being fabricated by the Church.

I was sure that even this whole disturbance was just the theatrics of some fanatics.

But I was wrong!

If that wasn't the Evil God, then what else could it be!

We were deceived!

It wasn't that the Church of Sacred Light had created an imaginary enemy to fool the masses, but that they had pretended to the leaders of each country that a real enemy was imaginary.

And the reason was probably because that the Evil God was an inconvenient truth to the Church.

Could it be that even Sacred Goddess-sama's esteemed power is no match for it?

But no, something like that can't...

..*

..*

As though ridiculing me for reaching a dead end in my thoughts, as I ran, a black flash appeared behind me.

For a moment, everybody stopped and turned their heads in that direction, but that flash flew off into the distance.

The soldiers around me felt relieved, but I instead had trembled in terror.

That light was most likely... an enormous mass of mana that the Evil God had fired as a joke.

It was good that it had been fired in a different direction, but had it been fired as us, or the town, or even the capital, then...

..*

..*

While praying in my heart that the Evil God didn't aim our way, I once again began my escape to town.

*

With this, the side stories have reached the main story, but to tie the side stories in, there will be one more short story to go.

Side story 11: A Certain Evil God's Sneer

『Candidate “Anri” has exceeded the required faith and fear levels.』

『Race has been changed from “Human Race” to “Divine Race”.』

『Job has been changed from “Mage” to “Administrator”.』

『Title has upgraded from “Child of the Evil God” to “Evil God of Fearful Trembling”.』

『Gained title “Third Administrator”.』

『Gained skill “Administration”.』

..*

..*

“Ohh? Never thought that she’d bud this quickly.”

As he saw through the screen that the thing he sent just the other day had already become a member of the Divine Race, he laughed.

It was originally just a way to kill time. No, even now, it was still basically the case.

It had all started when he had noticed by chance some faith that was floating around in a low-ranked world based on stories. It was faith towards his type, so he had considered devouring it, but following an idea he came up with on a whim, he sent in a something that seemed suitable as a vessel, and decided to watch and see how things unfolded. If things went well, it would mean the birth of a new member of his kin, while if things failed, it wouldn’t be any real loss.

“It was pretty fun watching the process. Sending her in as a human was the right choice, huh.”

She might have gathered faith faster had she been sent in as an apostle, but he decided to just cram skills into her as a human and enjoy watching the show. Honestly speaking, he had crammed enough into her that it wouldn’t have been strange for her soul to collapse, but you could say it turned out well because she was good material.

When he had spotted that girl in a high ranking world, he had unconsciously sighed in wonder. It wasn't often that you'd find a human with eyes close to his kind's.

"Now that a new administrator has been born, the other divines probably won't stay quiet. I'm really interested to see what happens next."

There were originally two administrators in that world.

They would very soon know that a new administrator had been born. No, there was also the chance that they already knew. It was impossible to ignore a new administrator being born in the world they administrated, so it made sense that they would soon approach her somehow.

And because there were many cases where members of his type were hated by others, so to begin with there was definitely no way things would happen peacefully.

The world would probably be wrapped up in a power struggle between fellow divines.

"Aahh, I'm looking forward to it. So looking forward to it."

Power struggle though it might be, in the end it was just something that would happen in a low-ranked world, so even if it was something that involved his kin, he didn't plan on interfering.

Even if she was destroyed in defeat, that was just how it was. Just one favourite toy being broken.

It was all for his amusement, just simply killing time.

But it was also the truth that it seemed like things would be quite fun this time.

It was all thanks to the 'beloved daughter'[thing] that he had sent in. It was just a random idea he had come up with, but once he gave it a go, it had turned out to be the right choice.

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

“Aahh, I’m really glad that I created you.”

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

As he saw through the screen his kin writhing around like a caterpillar as she had her legs poked by the people there, he laughed.

“If you manage to seize the power from the other two, maybe I’ll give you a reward.”

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

..*

*

TL: In Japanese, ‘laugh’ and one way of saying ‘sneer’ are the same. 笑う and 嘘う are both read as ‘warau’, so in the second last line, I wrote ‘laughed’ to keep the repeat sounding good. In truth, it’s more like he laughed in ridicule. I made this decision because she obviously meant for the two lines to parallel each other. Had she wanted to strongly

emphasise sneering, I think she would've used 嘲笑う(azawarau) or something.

Profile Images

Character



ANRI

A girl who was summoned to another world and given the skills of an Evil God by a mysterious man. Looking for peace & quiet, she moved into a dungeon.



TENA

A slave girl ravaged by disease. Purchased by Anri, and given her blessing, she became her kin and began looking after Anri's day-to-day needs.



LEONORA ROMARIEL

The daughter of the current Demon King, and the successor to the throne. On her journey to become an adult, she dove into Anri's dungeon.



NO LIFE KING

The undead king summoned by Anri. Swearing loyalty to her, he guards the 10th floor.



ARC & COMPANIONS

Credits

Translator: [Oniichanyamete](#)

Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)